GEN

CAMARADERIE

1913

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1913

EDITORIALS

TO THE question often asked, "Does an Annual in a High School Pay?" we would unhesitatingly answer, "It does." That it brings out latent talent is undeniable, but we would not offer that as our principal reason for this answer, but rather, that it unites us, as a class. We have worked together for one common triumph, and if this book is in anyway a success, it is due, not to one, but to all of the class of 1913.

Our aim for this book is great. We wish that it might, in some measure, express our great appreciation of the school. Perhaps at times this appreciation has not been so apparent as it might have been, but nevertheless it has existed, and we hope that at some future time, when in proportion to our years our achievements have become more noteworthy, we may show our appreciation and thanks for the four happy years we have spent in this High School, in some greater thing than this book.

To you, the readers, this first effort of ours, will, no doubt, have shortcomings, but to us, as our first, it is a great achievement, and we only ask that you, remembering our pride in it, will be a little blind to its failings.

But we could not have done even this much alone, and we wish to express our thanks to all who have helped us.

To the faculty, who have given us every encouragement and advantage, and who have stood by us so loyally, we wish to give our heartiest thanks, and with it, our praise of this school.

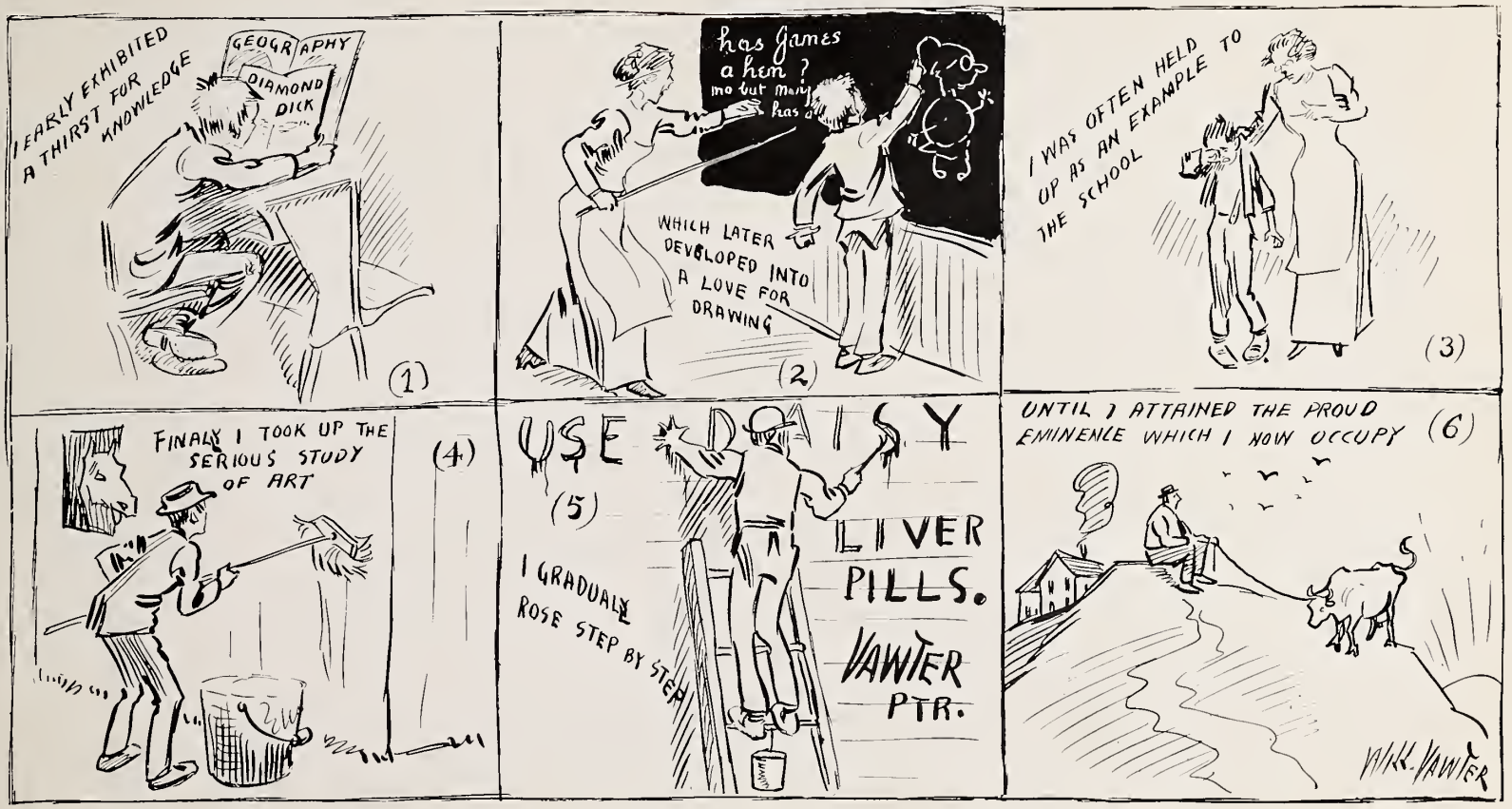
In the art work the under classmen have helped faithfully, and with our thanks we wish to offer them any help that we may be able to give them in the publication of the annuals of the three succeeding years. Special thanks for art contributions are due to Miss Engibous and John Handy, '12.

Despite the encouragement of the faculty and the contributions of our friends, without money this Camaraderie, 1913, would have been an impossibility, and for their great financial help, we heartily thank Socks and Buskins.

And last, but far from least, we wish to thank the one who has borne with us through all of our, both quiet and noisy, staff meetings so patiently, Mrs. Poulson.

And now we send the little book out into the world. In your treatment of it, remember that it carries with it, in a great measure, the aims, the ambitions, and the ideals of the class of 1913 of the Greenfield High School.

To our faculty advisor, helper, teacher and friend, Mary Sample, we, in our great appreciation of all she has done for us, dedicate this second Camaraderie.


I EARLY EXHIBITED A THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE
GEOGRAPHY
DIAMOND DICK
(1)
has James a hen ?
no but mary has a
WHICH LATER DEVELOPED INTO A LOVE FOR DRAWING
(2)
I WAS OFTEN HELD UP AS AN EXAMPLE TO THE SCHOOL
(3)
FINALY I TOOK UP THE SERIOUS STUDY OF ART
(4)
USE DAISY
(5)
I GRADUALY ROSE STEP BY STEP
LIVER PILLS.
VAWTER PTR.
UNTIL I ATTAINED THE PROUD EMINENCE WHICH I NOW OCCUPY
(6)
WILL VAWTER

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

For a High School of its size, Greenfield High School has an unusually large number of people among her alumni who have achieved renown.

Ranking near the head of this list is Will Vawter, the "Indiana Artist," and we wish to thank him for the ready response he made to our request for an alumni cartoon.

Another, of whom we are justly proud, is Mrs. Alma Martin Estabrook, who, by her writing, has distinguished Greenfield. We heartily thank her for "The Tragedy."

THE TRAGEDY.

BY ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK.

(Reproduced from "The Craftsman" of January, 1911.)

A Woman there was in whose Garden of Life the Bush of Friendship grew sturdily, its white blossoms perfuming the air. It had come as a volunteer, and she pruned and watered and tended it with loving thought and care.

"But it has so few blossoms," her neighbor said, leaning on the partition wall.

"I like it so," the woman answered with a tender little smile.

"My bush bends with the weight of its flowers," her neighbor declared proudly.

"What then can a mere bud more or less mean to you?" the woman asked.

There was nothing exotic about her Garden; it was a quiet, restful, homely spot, perennially fragrant, the Bush of Friendship gladdening it to its farthermost wall.

One day the wind of Commonplace Annoyance blew through it. If it had been the wind of Adversity, or Disaster, or Distress, she would have braced herself to meet it, but it was such a petty nagging thing, catching at her skirts and tripping her, and whipping her hair across her eyes so that she could not see clearly, and she moved with sharp impatience down the path.

Something got in her way, and without stopping to see what it was, or to put it gently aside, she struck fretfully at it, and instinctively she knew what she had done, and with a little cry bent over the Friendship Bush.

"What has happened?" asked her neighbor, hearing the cry and looking over the wall.

She pointed mutely to one of her blossoms hanging blighted and broken on its stem.

"There are others on the Bush," her neighbor said carelessly. "Besides, what is your loss to mine? A blight has set in among my Flowers of Fame, and the trees of my Success have been wantonly pilfered."

The woman turned back to her single broken blossom.

"Nevertheless," she said, "the tragedy is in my garden!"

ALUMNI

1879—
George H. Cooper, Indiana University
Ida B. Geary. Chicago University
Samuel Mitchell (deceased)
Laura Pope Reed. Ind. State Normal
Edgar J. Williams

1880—
Lena Gwinn Early (deceased)
Crissie Gilcrist
Jessie Randall Hammel
Thomas H. Mitchell
George S. Wilson, Ind. University

1881—
W. C. Atherton
Linna Banks Gant
James N. Goble
Josie Tague Moore
Vickie Wilson Morford

1882—
Lida Flippo Davey
Lizzie Harris
William A. Hough, De Pauw
Asa M. New
May Griffith Reeves (deceased)
Viola Banks Spencer. Ind. University
Dora Wilkins Smith (deceased)
E. P. Thayer, Jr., De Pauw
Jessie Barnett Thomas
Millie Goble Trees
Ollie Wood (deceased)

1883—
Albert Atherton
Mary Goble Bourne
Carrie Farout Ayres
Robert E. Bragg
Rosa Raines Kellar
Frances Derry Morris (deceased)
Mary Vawter (deceased)

1884—
Tillie Bragg Gant
Fannie Millikan Huston
Laura McKee
Eliza Mitchell
Tillie New
Alice M. Glascock
Anna Williams Parr (deceased)
Harry Strickland
Henry Warrum
Walter T. Williams

1885—
Nettie Adams
Nellie Black Cooper (deceased)
Ed. H. Derry
Jessie Hamilton Shannon. De Pauw
Nellie Love
Sina Walker Treewert (deceased)
Nettie Williams Strickland
Josie Heffernan Rochford
Mattie Anderson White

1886—
Ella Bourne. University of Michigan
Dora Gant Lindley
Lizzie Williams Perry
Hattie Rains McCausland

1887—
No class because course was changed from three to four years.

1888—
Cora Wright
Julia Watkins Cherry
Luna Marts Hasting (deceased)
Nora Martin Ross
Ada Smith (deceased)
Daisy Steele Wilson. Ind. University
Dora Ogg Pratt
Laura New Rafferty
Nannie Walker Wilson

1889—
Mattie Brown (deceased)
Sadie Brown
Lillie Dennis Mason
Belle Pentland
Maggie O'Donnell Pitts
Maggie Goble Polen
Lenora Boots Ramsey
Pearl Randall
Chesteen Smith. DePauw
Clara Vawter (deceased)
Nelle Millikan Walton
John Wilson. Indiana University

1890—
Nelle Hoel Goodpasture
Austin P. Boots
Albert Frost (deceased). Terre Haute Normal
Belle Lowe Meek
Marcellus Neal
Rosa Stephens Swisher

1891—
Madge Nolan Brooks
Myrtle Smith Cox

Murray Ellison
Ella Marsh Hough. DePauw
Bessie Hutchinson
Addie Jeffries (deceased)
Minnie Hughes Kingsbury
John Gant (deceased)
T. J. Lineback
Ruby Martin Minney. De Pauw
Charley Tharp
Frank Williams
Gertie Williams

1892—
Ida Steele Barrett. Indiana
Vinnie Wood Bond
May Duncan Brown
Fannie Moulden Cleary
Lodema Patterson Foley
Edwin Glascock
Elijah Henby
Ora Dill Henley
Nerva Jessup
Lottie Millikan Lee
Mollie Young Mannon
Clara Offutt. Indiana
Elden Robb
Inez Martin Radcliffe
Leroy Scott
Albert Tague
Frances Comstock Spannuth
Jennie Goble Williams

1893—
Edgar A. Binford. Indiana
Jennie L. Barr
Flo Borrey Welsh
Hattie Beecher McCole
Clare Duncan. Indiana
Robert S. Ellison
Anna Heel Farout
Luther Frost
Seth M. Hook (deceased)
Florence Grose Hinkson
Rosa Jeffries
Robert E. Martin. Indiana
Bert F. Morris
Emma Oren
Mamie Rhoadarmer
John A. Rhue. De Pauw
Grace Trembly Roberts
Jessie Vaughn
Arthur Williamson
John T. Wilson
Bertha Tyner
Dora Reedy Cooper

1894—
Claude A. Hauck
Charles L. Tindall. Indiana Law
Mary Adams
Emory Hunt
Charles M. Wills. Butler
John M. Scott
Lucile Comstock Caraway
Maude Patterson Walls
Nettie Duncan Lewark
Earl Sample. Michigan
John B. Hinchman. Indiana
Guerney Saxon
Adda Fisk

1895—
Margaret Baldwin
Oriel Binford
Nida Card Wooley
Edgar Scotten
Mary Sivey Thomas

1896—
Mabel Rouyer Ellis
Ferd Fisher. De Pauw
Viola Ham Goble. Indiana
Eugene Hook
Blanche Haywood Hurley
Gertrude Larimore Lichliter. DePauw
Charles New (deceased)
Kate Griffin Johnson. Butler
Ethel Baldwin Hauck
Allie Long Hunt
Nema Souder Matthews
Miriam Tyner
Clatie Orders
Daisy Patterson Teel
Maude Tyner Rucker
Gordie Slifer
Ed. Steele
Walter Stoner. De Pauw
Gus Smith
Sam Offutt. Butler

1897—
Delmar Binford
Robert J. Binford
Walter K. Boyd
Rhoda Coffield. Butler
Mayme Comstock Griffin (deceased)
Mary Cottey Drischell
Clay Duncan
Beatrice Galbreath Bertermann
Jessie Collier George
Nora Henby. Earlham College
Peter Johnson. Purdue University
Jessie Scott Cline. De Pauw
Harriet Knox
Beulah Swope Weaver. Oxford
George Samuel Lynam
Lydia Morris Hodgson
Fannie Offutt
Rosalie Davis Rock

1898
Flora Brown Atherton
Vernie Baldwin
Martha Binford French. Earlham
Paul Binford
Dora Binford Bond. Earlham College
Charles E. Cook. Indiana Law
Arthur Downing
Elizabeth Poulson Howe. Butler
Carrie Rottman Merlott
Margaret Martin
Maude Bradley Pope
Jesse S. Rucker. Purdue University
Estella Thomas Rottman
Clarence Strickland. Indiana

Adelle Howard Templeton
Harriet Sivey Thomas
Ola Thompson
Jessie Comstock Thompson
Clemma Hastings Zimmerman

1899—
Thomas Beecher
Earl Binford
Carroll Caldwell
Otis Ellis
Florence Copeland
Rachel Ellis
Bertha Gambrel (deceased)
Kresenz Hafner
Arthur Houdyshell
Ethel Harlan. Indiana University
Mabel Marsh (deceased)
Gertrude Bartlow Matthews
Anna Wortman Rash
Theodore Richey
George Suess
Millie Thompson (deceased)
Freeman Thomas (deceased)
Margaret White Walker
Helen Downing McGaughey. Butler
Grace Morris McIndoo
E. F. Quigley. Notre Dame

1900—
Grace Anderson
Nelle Baldwin. Indiana University
Harvey Barrett. Purdue University
Elsie Barrett Berkebile, Metropolitan School of Music
George Caldwell
Myrtle Binford Thompson. State Normal
Arthur Beeson
Bertha Carr Tyner
Ethel Cliff (deceased)
Will Comstock
Kate Selman
Will Fitz. Purdue University
Mabel Boyd Kerns
Forn Marsh
Horace Martindale
Ed. Moore
Wilbur Patterson
Zula Rock Pierce
Hugh Souder
Ruth Stone. De Pauw
Maude Thomas. De Pauw
Agnes Moulden Todd. De Pauw
Fred Walker. Purdue
Ruby Grey Whitaker
Crystal Bottsford Wilson
Henry B. Wilson. Indiana University
Carrie Winn

1901—
Homer Binford. Earlham
Walter Black. Purdue University
Nelle Curtis
Kate Duncan Marsh
Bailey Duncan
Mary Duncan Gates. De Pauw
Earl Frost
Maude Fry Porter
John Hagans
George Harlan
Ray Havens. Purdue University
Albert Hastings
Lulu Curry Leech
John F. Mitchell, Jr. Butler. Yale
Virginia Morton Ehlert
Mabel Wood Moulden
Martha Owens
Orville Pope
James Poulson. Wabash
Ellis Rock Jackson
Lena Seicrest
John Souder
Jennie Card Strecher
Amelia Branham Robinson
Ruth Seicrest Reddick
Mary Garrison Foxworthy
Neva Pilkenton Chittick. De Pauw
Grace Gable Strickland. Indiana
Theodore Caldwell

1902—
Edna Abbott Cherry
George Ashcraft
Jessie Baldwin Adams
Grace Barnard Justice
Fred O. Bidgood. Butler
Inez Winn Boyd
Charles Coffin
Zachary Ellis
Anna Garrison. De Pauw
Gertrude Cooper Holland
Samuel Hughes. Purdue University
Maude Iliff
Lee Justice
Frank L. Marsh
Kate Morton
Gertrude Murphy
Harvey Powers
Fred Rushen
William Slaughter
Bertha Souder Harlan (deceased)
Harley Spurry
Selma Stephens
Clarence Thomas
Roscoe Thomas. Butler
Claude Walker
Charles Walker
Harriet White Brown
Arthur White

1903—
Stella Martin
Jennie Jackson
Edna Butler. State Normal
Pearl Collyer. State Normal
Bessie Bidgood. Butler
Iduna Thomspson
Agnes Fort. Butler.
Abbie Henby. Earlham College
Clara Hagans Havens. Indiana.
Blonda Johnson
Mary Bentley
Carrie Kinsley
Etta Reddick

James Black. Purdue
James Cleary
Von Glascock
Kate Harlan Wolf
Pearl Stant
Jennie Hawk Derry
Leona Jackson Binford
Vashia Heims Parish
Clara Rynerson
Marie Pilkenton Hughes. De Pauw
Bertha Justice Bragg
A. L. Beeson
John Roberts
Wayne Reddick
Bert Coffey
Chauncey Duncan. Michigan
Ray Bragg. Purdue University
Harvey Rhue

1904—
Helena Amick
Harry Barnard
Frank Binford
Josephine Binford Grimes
Frank Boone
Ada Brown
Bessie Perkins Bussell
Melva Butler Davis
Lillian Carpenter
Amelia Colestock
Arthur Pete Crider
Horatio Davis
Will Elliott. Earlham College
Vergil Jackson
Martha Johnson
Bessie Kinsley
Joseph Larimore. De Pauw
John Leslie. Indiana University
Clay McClarnon
Lloyd Moody
Chester Murphy
Paul New. Purdue University
Roscoe Pentland
Charles Smith. Indiana University
Mary Sample. Indiana University
Eva Pusey
Melvin Rushen
Edgar Scott
Claude Shelby
Clandia Teel
Stella Thompson Brooks. De Pauw
Bess Walker Thayer
Lena Walker Poulson
Earl Walker
Alta Weber
Augusta Weber Boone

1905—
Loran Anderson
Mary Binford. Earlham College
Myrtle Boblett Chambers. Earlham
Elmer Bussell
Nora Corcoran. Indiana University
Harry Eagan. Indiana University
Eva Ordway
Lester Gifford. Indiana University
Ethel Garriott New
Wilbur Hagans
Gladys Hamilton
Lena Hamilton Binford
Bonnye Jones
Charles Hutchison
Mabel Ham Kitterman. Indiana
Fannie Marsh
Earl Martin
Jessie Mints Richie. Butler
William Mints. Purdue University
Mary Pavey. Butler
Edith Poulson. Butler
Oscar Powers
Ray Smith
Daisy Saint
Elbert Thompson
Jesse Warrum. Indiana University
Ernest Warrum
Paul Whetzel

1906—
Guy Aronholt
Nettie L. Bardonner
Florence Binford McCutcheon. DePauw
Leona Binford
Laura Viola Black
Lois Bogardus Willis
Charles Boone
Joseph A. Brown
Herbert Bruner. Earlham. Ind. Med.
Lena Butler
Marshall D. Carlton
Lamerl Catt
Mabel Coffield
Hazel Davis
Ruth Fort
Marie Ordway
Walter Fay Hampton
Mary Hanna. Butler
Nina Bessie Havens Beeson
Chester L. Hawk
Forest M. Henley. Purdue University
Clarence Hufford. Purdue University
Frank E. Leslie
Jessie McNamee. Indiana University
Beulah Grace Meek. Butler
Jacobina Morton Allen
Walter R. Myers
Lillian New Monger. Butler
William Oldham
Mary Rose Quigley
Bess Rynearson
Chauncey M. Scotten
John K. Sherry
Merlie O. Smith
James H. Snodgrass
Earl M. Thomas. Purdue
Carl Vetters
Henry Wallsmith. Purdue

1907—
Florence Amelia Amick
Effie May Barclay. State Normal
Clarence Heizer Barr. Purdue
Ellis Beeson
Elmina Binford Wallsmith. Earlham
Marion Paul Bottsford. Butler
Bess Boyd Baity

Erma A. Braddoek
John Philip Bruner. Earlham. Ind. Medical
Ethel May Burke
Stella Bussell
Lula Catt Gardner
Raymon L. Denney
Delle Lavaughn Evans Peters
Mabel Banks Gant. Butler
Lawrenee Earl Garriott. Butler
Eva Goble Rhue
Hugh V. Goble. Purdue
Charles S. Griffin
Kate Hagans
Bess Hill Hittle. Butler
Otho Hudson
Roy Lee Jeffries
Henry R. Jessup
Ada Barrett Justiee Dorsett
Nellie Kinsley
Guy Leonard
Catherine Pusey. Earlham
Nell P. Reed. Butler
H. Guy Reedy
Letha Pauline Reeves
Walter M. Sample
Price Seott
Harry Segar Slifer. Wesleyan
Mary Isabelle Slusser Burke. Chieago Musieal
Hazel La Vone Stanley
Harry Roseoe Stewart. Butler
Leota Teel Moore
Verna Walker
Milo Earl Wilson

1908—
William Earl Albea
Earl E. Boring. Indiana
Charles Holloway Barrett. Rose Poly.
Fannie Margaret Blaek
DeWitt Clinton Cooper. De Pauw
Lois Cooper Cotton. Butler
Elizabeth Curry
Ethel Casey
Ethel Ray Eagan. Earlham
Allen Eastes
Mabel Melcenna Felt. Butler
Ethel Mae Harvey
Nellie Johnson Hinkley
Martha Ann Kitterman. Butler
Bernard Orlando Knight. Purdue
Hazel M. Loehr. Purdue
Nelle Mae Martin. Wiseousin
Mary Montgomery. Butler
Gertrude MeDonald. Butler
Genevieve New. Butler
Bertha Orr. Butler
Georgia Lavada Pieree
Jesse I. Pavey. Butler
Hazel Dell Rees. Earlham
Hazel Fern Reeves
Carl Richie
Ida Belle Sehramm
Hersehell Smith
Fred Thomas
Earl MeMahon Trees
John Vetters
Margaret Whetzel

1909—
Paul Pieree. Purdue
Leta Abbott Riffe
Hazel Dean Amiek
Ralph Everett Beeson
Graee Bourne Ayres
Mary C. Bragg. Butler
Pearl Butler. Earlham
Elsie Alma Davis. Butler
Scott Edwards. Indiana Medieal
Mary Alice Elliott. Earlham
Vergil A. Gilson
Ruth Goble. Earlham
Nanuie Hagans. Indiana Normal
Helen Haller Goble
Guinevere Ham. Butler
Anna Pearl Hamilton. Earlham
Mary Jackson. Butler
Lawrenee Kinder. Butler
Mary Kyser Farmer
Joseph Howard Maey
Hazel Fern Macy (deceased)
Hazel Monger
Herbert Monger
Clyde Morrison. Indiana University
Charles Mulvihill
Pearl Pauley
Lena Pavey. Butler
Effie Juanita Reed
Luella Simmons
Frank Sipe. Purdue
Jesse N. Snider
Joseph Staley. Butler
Graee Thomas. Butler
John Edwin Walker
Estel H. Yetter. Cin. University

1910—
Clarenee Allender
Dora Arnold
John C. Binford. De Pauw
Letta Binford. Butler
Carl F. Brand. Indiana
Nellie Brooks Siders.
Franees Burke. Earlham
Emmett Choate. Indiana
Gertrude Cooper. Earlham
Lillian Curry
Mae Dismore
Ralph Fisk
Lester Foster. Indiana.
Marie Galbreath
Waldo Ging
Lillian Goble. State Normal
Naomi Goble
Nellie Grose
Pearl Hilt
Lucy M. Hughes. Butler
Lyla Jones
Alma Justiee. Mrs. Blaker's
Mae Moxley. Mrs. Blaker's
Raymond B. Orr. De Pauw
Joseph Quigley. Purdue
George B. Ramsey

Della Rasener
Opal Reedy
Hazel Scott Curry
Hallie Smith
Carl Snodgrass
Russell H. Strickland. Indiana
Bessie Walton Cleveland
Earl Weber
Opal Wilson
Ruth Wood

1911—
Ralph N. Arnold. Butler
William A. Barnard. Purdue
John Brown
Lois Boyce. Purdue.
Berry Willis Cooper. Earlham
Lula Cline
Helen Conwell. Western
Wilbur A. Davis
Benjamin Floyd
Myla Ging
Harley Griffith
Marie Justice
Hilda Kinder. Butler
Anna Martindale
Hubert Morrison. Indiana
Richard P. Millikan
Van Tuyl Oxer. Purdue
Gladys Anna Teel
Lucile Walker
Verlin Wheeler
Marthena Walker

1912
Robert Bentley. Earlham
Nema Binford
Leone Bohm
Bernice Boone. Earlham
Katie Boots
Catherine Cooper. Indiana
Lucile Downing. Hamilton
Naomi Elliott. Met. School of Music
Marvel Frost. Indiana
Helen Gant. Earlham
Rosa Garriott. State Normal
Bruce Goble. Purdue
Ruth Hafner
Kenneth Hall
Mary Henley. Earlham
Corda Howard. State Normal
Isabelle Hughes. Met. School of Mus.
Pearl Huston
Lovell Leary. Valparaiso Normal
Paul Ogg. Butler
Henry Page
Opal Parker
Rex Rafferty. Butler
Harry Rash
Flossie Robb
Helen Stringer. Winona
Ralph Tapscott. Butler
Ellen Thompson. De Pauw
Rachel Williams. De Pauw
Merrill Wilson. State Normal
Hester Yelton. State Normal

WE SENTENCE YOU TO THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS FOR LIFE
FACULTY
Auf Wiedersehen
SEN
IORS

Miss Stephens | Miss Hayes | Mr. Larrabee | Miss Engibous | Miss Williams

Miss Stephens—

This lady can beautifully sew.
She stays in the place where we go
To hunt up a grade.
Which we never have made,
When the faculty says, "Go below."

Miss Hayes—

This lady, named Beatrice Hayes,
Is useful in several ways.
She teaches us "Dutch,"
Which we like very much;
And at parties she never late stays.

Mr. Larrabee—

Here's a man whose front name is Frank.
He's a man on whom we can bank.
He bosses us all,
Both large and small,
For which we him heartily thank.

Miss Engibous—

Oh, Maiden fair! Oh, Genevieve!
The hearts of youth will ever grieve,
When, some sad day,
You go away,
And struggling artists lonely leave.

Miss Williams—

There was a young lady named Lizzie,
Who was always most powerfully busy.
She taught us to sing
And do most everything,
Until she made everyone dizzy.

Miss Corcoran: Will you please ask my consent before doing that?

J. W. Kendall: Well, we've fooled around long enough on that.

Mr. Moore | Miss Corcoran | Mr. Kendall | Miss Sample | Mr. Todd

Mr. Moore—

There was a young man named Sylvester,
Who always was trying his best ter
To get up a case
With each pretty face,
And never once dreamed he might pester.

Miss Corcoran—

Though Nora is this lady's name,
She teaches Latin just the same;
And every boy
Did jump with joy
When he found out she "had came."

Mr. Kendall—

Here's a man with a Sunny-Jim grin,
Who is always saying, "Come in
To the office, my lad,
For you have been bad,
And you know it is wicked to sin."

Miss Sample—

This lady with English is ample,
And she surely is one good example,
For the wish of the girls
Is not ruffles or curls,
But to be, when they grow up, like Sample.

Mr. Todd—

The teacher of math. is named Todd.
He encourages all who will plod.
He speaks somewhat less
Than an oyster, I guess.
Don't you think, for a man, this is odd?

Bob Mulvihill: Sleep is necessary for the human race.

Kate Curry: Gee whiz! Why didn't you speak before you spoke?

Charles Arnold

To the General Public: Mr. Moore has been appointed my assistant in the department of science, and I can now aid Mr. Todd in the department of mathematics. Reputation unequalled for original and incomprehensible explanations of algebraic and geometrical problems.

Burwell Barr*

Professor Barr, in his latest lecture on "The Requirements of an American Gentleman," gives the following as necessary characteristics: First, leisurely and nonchalant attitude, superiority to work, and lastly, an unshakable confidence in his own merits.

Earl Beckner

All you students! For instructions in covering your sins with meekness —see me!

Nelson Black

Offered—A ten-dollar prize to the person who correctly names the tune which I whistle each evening at 433 West Main street.

Herma Bohm

Wanted — Position as demonstrator of women's silk apparel.

Mr. Moore: Seniors, what is your breakage bill?

Bub Barr (in Senate): Mr. President, I second the motion.

Electa Walker: We wouldn't disturb English class, would we, Tappy?

Elizabeth Jackson: Oh! has anyone got a powder-puff?

Bob Mulvihill: Two hours is a short time, especially on Sunday night.

Mr. Todd: I used to bawl when I was a little boy but I don't any more.

John Burke*

Standing Offer: My services may be claimed at any time as an escort for any young lady not otherwise provided for.

Russell Comstock

Here's your chance! A plan for remembering historical dates from prehistoric times to the present day. Works like magic! Enclose ten cents, either coin or stamps.

Urith Dailey

For Rent—A talking apparatus. Guaranteed to speak fluently and not to run down. Extra inducement—a minister's daughter.

Ione Fischer

Stop! Look! Listen! Hear my new song—"There is only one boy in this High School for me."

Margaret Floyd

For Sale—Plenty of Hot Air. Bottled and labeled. Also a first-class appliance for stuffing people. Patent applied for.

Herma Bohm: Oh, heck! What did he call on me for?

Lowell Smart: $4 \times 8 = 16$.

Ruth Amick: Well, shoot! I didn't want to explain that.

Eddie Andis: That is to say—I mean—

Buttons Hilt: Oh, well, heaven's sake!

Bub Barr: Howdy, folks!

Letty Pratt: Does the hero have to be a man?

Gertrude Vaughn: I don't understand exactly what that means.

Rosalind Gant (in Latin): Can't you translate that this way?

Charles Arnold: Well, now, supposin'—

Pearl Hendren: For John's sake!

Margaret Floyd: Say, listen here!

Malcolm Hancock

Wanted—A pozision as teecher of english and retoric. speshilty speling And capitelazasioun. for referance See miss sample, instructer in engglich in g. h. s.

Ermil Haydock*

I wish to announce that I am appearing this season in my new song, "Back to the Farm for Me."

Ruth Hilt

For Sale — My new tract on "The Subjugation of the Masculine Sex."

Jeanette Kight

For Sale—My stand-in with the science teacher. I do not want it any more.

Rhea Kinder

A Business Proposition: Those desiring to learn the art of striking matches may receive training. Terms reasonable.

Moore: Now, let's get organized.

Mr. Todd: I'm as cross as a bear today.

Frank Stuart: Use common sense, Todd.

Jeanette Kight: I think he is perfectly infatuating.

Bob Mulvihill: I've fought for a girl myself.

Nelson Black: I would rather have a girl to love than a goddess.

Herma Bohm: Oh, Russell, tell me when he calls on me.

Oak Harlan: Can anyone here think of a permanent excuse for absence?

Katie Teel: Well I guess my sister's beau has a brother.

Malcolm Hancock: I have to study at the library after 1:35.

Moore: I tell you I never had a Phi Delt pin!

Todd: Well, I'll not make that test any harder than I can.

Skeet Thayer: Gee whiz!

Russell Stuart: Well, it was mighty near.

Elizabeth McCole

Don't worry about your examinations. Learn my method and pass them all.

Josephine McGuire

Girls, what's the use to do without jewelry? Learn my new invention that makes lockets out of wagon wheels. Samples eheerfully displayed. Will hold life-size pictures.

Anna McKown

Notice. I will give away my extra eredits before the term ends. Have just received a fresh supply from the wholesale credit firm of Dailey & Stuart.

Lillian Moran

Wanted — Position as any old kind of teacher, school preferred.

Louis Morehead

Wanted—A wife. Only requirements: Mnst weigh less than one hundred pounds and be left-handed.

Bob Mulvihill: What's that question again?

Mooie: Now we have one something like that at home.

Lute Morehead: Now, lookey here!

Urith Dailey: Ain't it so!

Gib McCole: Oh, shoot!

Moore: Oh, we're wading through this beautifully!

Lillian Moran: Oh, heavens! I haven't studied that.

Moore: That is to say—

Dick Morgan: Well, I've got to begin studying—some time.

Jeannette Kight: Well, I don't just exactly understand it.

Letty Pratt: Say, may I borrow your notebook?

Russell Stuart: I read that in some book, or some place.

Richard Morgan

Notice. Having convinced the "400" of their absolute need of me, we will hereafter be designated as the "401," and I am preparing a series of articles for publication on "How To Select Associates."

Robert Mulvihill*

Having decided to dispose of all my superfluous credits I shall sell them at public auction, May 22, 1913.

Walter Neuman

Wanted—To rent a farm with modern improvements. Small house required, room for only two.

Letty Pratt

! ! ? ? * * — — * ? $C_3H_5(NO_3)_3$.

Laura Ann Reed

For Sale—Ideas on every subject in the universe. Most of them tried with more or less success. For reference see this book.

Moore: Why don't we have an "All Faculty" Football Team?

Russell Stuart: Well, now, listen here.

Mary Wilson: Oh, my soul!

Jeanette Kight: Well, I should think as much.

Oak Harlan: Oh, get out!

Moore: Now let's get quiet back there.

Mabel Toles: Oh, say, kid!

Charles Arnold: Wait a minute, I can show you.

Letty Pratt: Won't that be perfectly grand?

Rhea Kinder: Oh, shoot! I wish I was tall.

Lowell Smart

Just from the publishers! My new book entitled, "Nothing," composed of jokes, which for the last five years have never failed to produce l a u g h t e r. Reference: High School faculty and Classes '12 and '13.

Mabel Stanley

Wanted—Steady job as inspiraton. Reference: Art Editor.

Russell Stuart

Jan. 20, 1913. First day of second term. "Vanity is self-esteem gone to seed." Anyone wanting a supply of the same apply to me.

Jan. 21, 1913. Second day of second term. I am obliged to cancel all orders, as Urith Dailey exhausted my supply when she began to study botany.

Katie Teel

For Sale — Timidity; may be had in any amount. Supply inexhaustible.

Louise Thayer

Wanted—A recipe for preserving my sweet temper for rainy days.

Moore: Let's have individual recitations.

Rhea Kinder: For the love of Mike!

Grace Gambrel: Oak said so.

Moore: The bell has rung.

Oak Harlan: Wait a minute. I got that backwards.

Lois Ramsey: I am simply crazy about Moore.

Mabel Toles

For Sale or Trade—An unknown quantity of stubbornness. All fresh.

Mary Wilson

Just on the market. My wonderful, new cure. Guaranteed to cure a man who is a confirmed flirt in one week

*Credits lacking.

Ruth Amick: You ain't nice!

Todd: Now let's get quiet as soon as we get time.

Ione Fischer: I told you so.

Lillian Moran: Oh, gee, kids, I'm next, and I don't know a thing!

Charles Arnold: He'll get interest on "his'n," just the same.

Ruth Hilt: I want you to leave me alone.

Mary Sample: Let's rise when we stand.

Bob Mulvihill: I can sleep any time.

Mary Wilson: You can have our chauffeur.

Dick Morgan: Wish I had more time to spare.

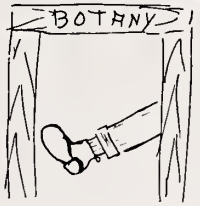
Ermil Haydock: That's right! I just didn't know how to say it.

Bub Barr: Of course, it's not my place to kick, but it's my opinion——

Todd: If you are in pain, and groaning helps you, groan!

Lowell Smart: It don't matter what I said, I'm a liar.

CLASS HISTORY.



On September 15, 1909, a noisy crowd of Freshmen came up the stairs of the Greenfield High School.

THE FRESHMEN ARRIVE

Thus we began the four years of our High School life. The faculty was composed of Prof. Johnson, Principal and Science teacher; Miss Barrett,

THE FACULTY

Freshman English and Physical Geography; Miss Carter, German; Miss Foote, Latin; Mr. Schaffer, Mathematics; Mr. Konold, History; Miss Doane, English, and Miss Woodson, Music and Drawing.

THE FIRST WEEK

We progressed wonderfully the first week, most of us getting into the wrong class rooms or missing classes altogether. On the evening of November 12, 1909, the Seniors gave a reception to the

THE SENIORS ENTERTAIN

High School, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Cooper, in honor of Prof. Johnson, who was leaving to accept a position in the High School of Hancock, Mich., Mr. Konold taking his place as Principal, and Mrs. E. L. Rickard as Science teacher.

Miss Barrett was taken sick on December 5th, and the School Board imported Miss Colescott, of Kokomo, to take her place.

MISS COLESCOTT ARRIVES

We tried our best to make her enjoy her few weeks' stay here. The Freshman was a model class. On November 19th, Ermil Haydock disturbed singing during opening exercises. On December 1st, Richard Morgan shot paper wads, after which he was given a choice of three things: First, to go home until his father came with him; second, to go back to the eighth grade;

third, to take a spanking. Richard chose the third. (For statistics, see Mr. Konold's Journal, page 42.)

RESULT OF OUR FUN

We had a great time that year, but when we received our report cards, on May 6th, we found that some had flunked outright, and many failed in one or two subjects.

SCHOOL BEGINS

On arriving at school, September 12, 1910, we found a new faculty, with the exception of Miss Foote. Prof. Kendall was our new Principal and History teacher; Miss Sample, English; Mr. Winkler, Mathematics; Miss O'Hair, German; Miss Engibous, Drawing, and Miss Haberstitch (soon to become Mrs. Winkler), Music.

THE FACULTY

Being Sophomores we were very dignified, and settled down to work, forgetting the foolishness of the previous year. The Sophomore class furnished its quota of players for one of the strongest football teams the High School ever put out, meeting defeat at the hands of Brownsburg only.

GOOD FOOTBALL TEAM

Late in the year, the Dramatic Club was organized and favored the High School with a short play entitled, "Obstinacy." On January 19, 1911, the Classical Club was organized by the Latin students. Later in the year fifteen boys from the Classical Club presented a part of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.

DRAMATIC AND CLASSICAL CLUBS

In our Junior year, school began September 12, 1911, with Mr. Schopmeyer the new Mathematics teacher; Miss Williams, Music, and Miss Hagans, Latin. The Junior class furnished Richard Morgan, Louis Morehead, Malcolm Hancock and Burwell Barr for the football team, which made a better showing than any team the High School has put out for years.

SCHOOL BEGINS 1911

FOOTBALL

Early in the year we organized, with Robert Mulvihill, president; Ruth Hilt, vice-president, and Urith Dailey, secretary and treasurer. During this year the Dramatic Club gave a play at the Opera House entitled, "The O'Maras," which certainly did credit to that organization.

WE ORGANIZE

On May 10, 1912, the Juniors gave to the Seniors and Faculty, at the Columbia Hotel, the finest reception ever given by a class of the High School. The Seniors returned this reception with another at New's Hall, May 22d.

RECEPTIONS

And finally we were Seniors! We organized at the beginning of the year, retaining our same officers.

SENIORS

One of the most enjoyable events of the year has been a party, given by Urith Dailey, to the Seniors and Faculty, at her beautiful country home.

The Senate was organized this year, the Senior class furnishing Russell Comstock, Russell Stuart, Burwell Barr, Ermil Haydock and Laura Ann Reed for officers.

Another most enjoyable event was our celebration of Lincoln's Birthday. We visited the State Legislature.

Our Senior year has been a happy one, but also a busy one, our chief interest being the Annual. We have also furnished a great many people to the dramatic efforts. We have distinguished ourselves as good financiers, our annual bills all being paid, and money in the bank.

We are now busy planning our commencement week. We

are making extensive plans for a Class Day, to be held the day before commencement.

For our commencement the Faculty has procured Rev. Joshua Stansfield, and the class is all well pleased.

Another thing in which we have distinguished ourselves is the fact that we have decided to do away with uniforms for graduation, and the girls are planning thin white dresses.

But the education of the class of 1913 will not stop when we graduate, as at least one-third of us intend to go directly on through College, and more expect to go later, and so, we might well say, that our school history will be "Continued in Our Next."

Herma B.—Why, I'm not hard to please!

Ruth A.—I know you aren't, I saw you with your friend last evening.

✠ ✠

Dick M.—Down in front.

J. Burke—I am down under two seats now.

M. Floyd—May I go see Mr. Moore?

J. W.—Well, he is about eight miles down on Brandywine. If you don't mind the walk you may go?

✠ ✠

Mr. Moore—Name some salt.

Louise T.—Sugar.

Moore: I'll scatter you all out over the Lab. but what I'll cut out the foolishness.

Miner Pugh: I wish someone would invent a hair tonic that would make a good drink.

Bob Mulvihill: Every time any of the teachers have anything to say they always say it to me.

Sis Reed: There's got to be more enthusiasm worked up over this Annual. Let's all get busy and see what we can do before next staff meeting.

Margaret Floyd: Well, I have a right to be interested in the Adams Express Company haven't I?

Herma Bohm: Oh, Ruth, have you got that exercise? Give it to me quick!

Bub Barr: Well, I didn't know how to explain it, but I knew it was that way.

Kendall: They say there are more ways to kill a dog than to choke him to death on butter.

THE CLASS WILL.

We, the members of the Senior class, of the Greenfield High School, being of as sound mind and disposing memory as the average, do hereby make, publish and declare this, the following, to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking all wills heretofore made by us.

Item 1. We will, devise and bequeath to the coming Freshman class, our bad reputation among the teachers.

Item 2. We will, devise and bequeath to the Sophomore class:

Firstly: Our library privileges.

Secondly: The right to have cases and write notes.

Item 3. We will, devise and bequeath to the Junior class:

Firstly: The English room, in which to hold all class meetings, and what is left of Miss Sample.

Secondly: Vanity Fair, and lectures by Boyd Halsall on good conduct, hoping they will follow his instructions so as not to worry the teachers.

Thirdly: The little room at the library for staff meetings. Also the labs, hoping they may escape alive.

Fourthly: The Senior privilege of having school when not in class-room.

Fifthly: The Senior ability to make money.

Item 4. We will, devise and bequeath to Mr. Kendall, all the broken furniture in the building, for use in his office, where it will be the least displeasing to Mr. Walsh.

Item 5. We will, devise and bequeath to Miss Corcoran, the privilege of going on Moore Botanical expeditions.

Item 6. We will, devise and bequeath to "Prof." Moore, a Senior Botany class that will like work and detest holidays. Also request that the School Board provide an eraser for that laboratory, so that he will not have to use a feather duster.

Item 7. We will, devise and bequeath to Mr. Todd, some of the storminess of Mr. Moore, and a little of Mr. Kendall's sarcasm, to make him more impressive.

Item 8. We do hereby will, devise and bequeath to Clare Fletcher, Dick Morgan's ability to bluff the teachers.

Item 9. We will, devise and bequeath to Eddie Andis, the privilege of writing all the poetry for the 1914 Camaraderie.

Item 10. We will, devise and bequeath to Johnnie Walsh, all our old exam paper, so that they may have fire drills next year.

Item 11. We will, devise and bequeath to the next Chemistry class, Tubby Arnold as lab assistant, hoping that his continued silence may not interfere with their work as it has with ours.

Item 12. We will, devise and bequeath to next year's editor-in-chief, the bottom drawer of Miss Sample's desk.

Item 13. To the remaining classes and the Faculty, we will, devise and bequeath all who should have graduated with us, hoping they will help them along as much as possible.

Item 14. Lastly, we will, devise and bequeath to all, our best wishes, that they may always be as happy as we have been during our four years in Greenfield High School.

their
SENIOR **X** CLASS.
mark

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of us, the undersigned, this 21st day of May, 1913.

(Signed) FRANK LARABEE,
JOHNNY WALSH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, this 21st day of May, 1913. SELMA STEPHENS. [L. S.]

My commission expires January 1, 1917.

J. W.—Robert, you must have been up late last night?
Bob—That ain't in the text, is it?

✠ ✠

J. W. K.—What are the duties of ministers to foreign countries, Letty?
L. Pratt—Those of a missionary, I suppose.

Naomi T.—Ermil, won't you please hold my coat?
E. H.—I'm not used to dressin' girls.

✠ ✠

Miner P. and Mabel S. talking to Moore. Minor goes on. Moore, not noticing, says: 'Were you coming up to my room tonight?" On looking up he sees only Mabel S.

Ermil Haydock: A country boy is no longer a joke, but a fellow to be respected.

Belle Hawkins: I'm not green enough for them to get jokes on me for the Annual.

Todd (in Com. Arith.): If we don't have any money to loan we want to borrow somebody else's.

Lowell Smart: Seems like I have more to do on Wednesday night than any other night.

Ione Fischer: Gee, but I do hate to get up on a real cold morning and wash my face.

Miss Sample: When I read the speeches of Polonius I feel like spanking him.

THE CLASSES.

1913

THE JUNIOR CLASS

The class of 1914, consisting of twenty-eight members, was organized the sixth week of school.

Since then they have given a series of markets, and one box supper, at the building, which was enjoyed by a great number of High School students.

They organized with the following officers:

Faculty Advisor .....Miss Hayes
President .....Ralph Bruner
Vice-President .....Marguerite Gorman
Secretary and Treasurer....Freda Kirkpatrick

Colors—Pink and White.
Flower—Pink Rose.

✠ ✠
✠ ✠

My love is thine
Tho' thine's not mine—
I know not who it hast.
But one embrace
Of thy sweet waist,
And just one taste
Of thy fair face,
Excel all glories past.—1914.

✠ ✠
✠ ✠

JUNIOR CLASS

Beckner. Rafferty. Shumway. Cooper. Ramsey. White Riffe. Shumway. Sparks. Hivnor. Amick. Page.
Whelchel. Moore. Latshaw. Kirkpatrick. Jackson. Cooper. Elliott. Hawkins.
Grose. Catt. Fritch. Burton. Kirkpatrick. Gorman. Groff. Ging. Cook.
Toms. Fletcher. Andis. Bruner.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Abbot. Jefferies. Garriott. Downing. Cox, Gambrel. Bohm. Jefferies. Kimple. Leary. Haines. Curry. Fort. Green. Beaver. Fort. Cooper, Koin, Dailey. Gant. Groff. Havens. Lowe.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Tony. Julian Moore. Walker. Mansfield. Yelton. Winslow. Wood. Sparks. Tapscott. Stoner.
Smart. Roeback, Rouyer. Miller. Walker. Merida, Miller. Morehead. Walker. Vaughn.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Curry. Forest. Giles. Anderson. Antoni. Eaton. Hilt. Hagans. Cooper. Hughes. Gates. Gambrel. Brown. Harrison. Hufford. Duncan. Beecher. Goodwin. Davisson. Hubig. Elliott. Abbot. Bridges. Burton. Hafner.

Morris. Loy. Jackson. Mannon. Whelchel. Kight. Walker. Knight. Worland. Shumway. Stan ley. Slifer. Walton. Spangler. Jones. Jackson. Lewis. Mannon. Lowe. Loehr. Stewart. Rhoadarmer. Spencer. New.

VISUS MARIS.

The day was dry and scorching, and the wind,
Which in the south, from o'er the boiling sea
Puffed landward, hot as if from mouths of beasts
Themselves belonging to the nether world,
Came panting breathless, heavy with the scent
Of fumes from off the sultry seething waves.
The raging ocean, surging high with heat
To lap the sands below the red cracked cliff,
Did wet the surface only for the time;
For yet ere yonder maddening swell could reach
'Twas dry and hot as e'en the midday sun.
From out the reddened dome of heaven shone
The ruddy rays of fiery clouds reflected,
Forth from the glassy blackness of the waves
The flaming heat was flashed like hidden anger
From the eyes of some enraged martial god.
I, standing on the parched turf above
The blackening waves that washed the drying sands,
Looked on and feared; for ere my soul could know,
A wave as dark and foul as Devil's night,
As huge as Greek Parnassus ever was,
Came sweeping ever towards the closening shore,
A mighty, trembling, roaring mass of water,
It, fast approaching, rose; it shook, it raged,
It plunged and reared, and rising higher still,
Played in and out the heated copper clouds.
And ere an eye could trace its wan recourse,
It thundered down upon the trembling shore,
With noise so loud as cannons never made.
I felt myself, within its dizzy grasp,
Be tossed and jerked. And all about myself
The boiling surges burned and boiled my flesh,
So that my fingers, one by one, dropped off,
And all my bones within my arms did loose;
And then my feet fell off, and then my knees,
And when I tried to pray, the water hot
Rushed in my mouth and choked the prayer back.
Oh, Mercy! Lend me some of thine own balm
To heal my suffering body from its pain.
What have I done, that I am punished thus?
The waves rushed backwards, downward, up again,
And I was carried higher up until
I thought to see the ethereal blue of sky—
Alas! My eyes were out, I could not see.
The dark wave poised, and broke again to fall,
And I within it, fell into the depths.
A current swift, more hot than any yet,
Came gushing by, and catching up my corpse
Rushed swiftly forward. I was hurled aloft,
I know not where nor how it chanced to be
I felt the softened turf beneath my feet.
I stood up straight and stretched my arms about
The moon was shining brightly all around
And 'cross the bay, which lay in peaceful sleep,
The silver moon reflected on its bosom,
I saw the white cliffs shining in the light,
And felt a soft sweet breeze from out the sky.
And on the sanded shores beneath the cliffs
The waves were gently washing on the sand.

—Florence Fritch.

Dick M. (in History)—De Soto died some place up the Mississippi and then he explored down to its mouth.

✠ ✠

Prof. Andrews (in Botany)—How many petals has this flower?

Raymond K.—What is petals, I forget?

✠ ✠

Miss H. (in English)—What does Reaper stand for in this sentence?

Flora J.—It is either God or the devil, I don't know which.

✠ ✠

Was Landon New when Naomi captured him?

✠ ✠

Miss H.—We shall have light refreshments at the Club.

J. Burke—Wafers and oxygen?

✠ ✠

Ermil H.—When shall we leave the Club?

Miss H.—Do you think 9 o'clock would be too late?

E. H.—Well, I have stayed up that late.

Mr. K.—Melvin, who was Penelope?

M. Mansfield—The founder of the Peloponeseus.

✠ ✠

If J. McGuire were the venerable Stephen, would Karl Ston-er?

✠ ✠

When Sylvester M. yelled "shoo" Nora Corc-ran.

✠ ✠

Miss S. (upon being caught talking to a young man)—Oh, you needn't look so surprised, Robert, he was selling books.

Bob M.—I didn't see any books. I should think he would show a "Sample."

✠ ✠

Miss S.—You are a bachelor according to Chaucer.

"Tubby"—You don't know whether I am or not.

Miss S.—According to general appearance you are.

✠ ✠

Miss S.—What are widows' weeds?

John Julian—A flower, I think.

Freshman—Was Caesar a tailor?
Miss C.—No. What makes you think so?
Freshie—Why, it says that the conspirators all gathered around him to press their suits.

✠ ✠

J. W. K. (in History V)—Who were these men who opposed the British in their march?
Mary W.—The Patriarchs.

✠ ✠

Mary W. (in Botany)—How does Myrtle grow?
Moore—I don't know Myrtle.

✠ ✠

Moore (in Botany)—At which end of a gooseberry is the other end?
Oak H.—The other end.

✠ ✠

Dick M.—Do they make beer out of burdock?
Moore—I hope not, because I don't like burdock.

✠ ✠

Dick M. (in Botany)—From one fly in one season there were over 8,000,000,000 flies.
Lowell S.—Who counted them?

✠ ✠

Mabel T. (in Chemistry)—How much did I get on that test?
Moore (answering another question)—12½.

Karl S.—I think a Romantic girl is one that is in love with everything.
Miss S.—Yes, especially those things that wear trousers.

✠ ✠

Moore—The sun gives color to all things.
B. Barr—I wonder if that is what makes girls blush?
Moore—It's according to whose son it is.

✠ ✠

Moore (in Botany)—Who can get a date?
Dick Morgan—Who with?

✠ ✠

Miss S. (in English)—Tomorrow we will take Chaucer's life.
Ermil H.—Thank heavens! Why didn't you let us take it before he wrote this prologue.

✠ ✠

J. W. K.—Fools ask questions that wise men cannot answer.
John B.—That's why I flunked on so many history exams.

✠ ✠

Miss S.—Describe Doone Glen.
Eddie A.—Is that one man or two?

✠ ✠

Wonder if Oak Har-lan (ded) when Moore kicked him out of Botany class?

✠ ✠

Miss H. (calling roll in German class)—Herr King.
R. King—My name ain't Herr, it's Raymond.

Miss Williams (talking to the janitor)—Have you eaten the music book?

Johnny—No, it has too much "dough" in it.

✠ ✠

Lois R.—Malcolm H. seems awfully grouchy. What's the matter with him?

L. Smart—Oh, he's got the spiragyra.

✠ ✠

L. Hivinor (to R. H.)—I dreamed last night that I was an angel.

Ruth H.—I never dream that I'm an angel.

R. Stuart—You don't need to. You already are one.

✠ ✠

Moore—Where would we make H. S. in the laboratory?

Bob M.—Out in the hall.

✠ ✠

Moore—If you want to talk, as the priest said, there is plenty of room outside.

R. Stuart—Did he say that to you?

✠ ✠

Bub B. (in Botany)—I know that apples were made for people instead of for themselves, for didn't Eve get the first apple out of the Garden of Eden?

Moore—Well, Burwell, your memory is longer than mine, there.

✠ ✠

Moore—This plant is called green felt.

L. S.—Is that what they make hats out of?

Mabel T. (in Commercial)—I can't work these express problems?

Todd—Well, send for the express boy.

✠ ✠

Louise T.—I saw Lowell S. and Mabel S. holding hands in the hall.

Lowell—Well, she's my assistant, and she gives me inspirations.

✠ ✠

Moore (in Botany)—When do the leaves begin to turn?

Dick M.—The night before exam.

✠ ✠

Miss S.—Bob, I want your theme to be about something that you can pick up at your own door.

Bob M.—That would be the coal bucket.

✠ ✠

John Walker (in History)—The Thebians freed all the Hellots.

J. W. K.—No! Oh, you mean Helots, don't you?

✠ ✠

Moore (in Laboratory)—These crystals are deliquesent.

L. Smart—Deli-Quesent? What is she?

✠ ✠

Extract from Senior President's note book:—

"After Gen. Braddock was so badly defeated by the Indians, Washington was made commander-in-chief of Va. forces. He was very successful in this place and on Jan. 6, 1759, he married Mrs. Martha Custer."

Moore—Who was the first to find out about lightning?
L. Smart—The lightning bugs, I suppose.

✠ ✠

R. Stuart (in Commercial)—How many feet in four yards?
"Tubby" A.—Oh, about two and a half.
R. S.—I didn't mean your feet, "Tubby."

✠ ✠

Bob—I guess I have got a little of that wrote.
Miss S.—Correct that, Robert.
Bob—Well, I guess I haven't any written.

✠ ✠

Moore—Russell, what country is the chief source of sodium nitrate?
R. Stuart (who hasn't caught the question)—Clover.

✠ ✠

M. S.—Lowell, you may pass to the board. No—wait! I have the wrong person.
Lowell—I don't believe you have the right person yet!

✠ ✠

Sheldon C.—We have heard that horses and ponies have gone out of style. At the rate Miss Hivinor is going through school, it seems that she is using an automobile.

✠ ✠

J. W. K. (in History), talking of composition of money—There is a certain amount of tin in money, so you see where we get the expression, "A man's tin."
Ruth H.—Yes. But where does the "dough" come in?

Miss S.—The hereafter will take care of itself.
Nelson B.—And of us, too.

✠ ✠

"Sis" R. (discussing a charity worker)—She isn't only a charity worker, she is a philanthropist.
L. Smart—Well, we need not discuss her. If she has that disease she will not get well.

✠ ✠

If a dog can howl, can Alge-bra?

✠ ✠

Letty P. (when Murphy boys pass her)—Is that kid twins?

✠ ✠

Lois R.—What will Malcolm think of the day he marries Herma?
Nelson B.—He will think it a Bohmy (balmy) day.

✠ ✠

M. Floyd—How is Latin by now?
R. Stuart—The Latin is bum, but the instructor is some classy.

✠ ✠

Bob M.—I move that geometry be dismissed from G. H. S. for a year.
Margaret F.—Why?
Bob—That is the only way I can see to graduate.

✠ ✠

Lowell S.—Mr. Moore, some one hit me in the head with a piece of chalk.
Moore—Is it in there yet?

Is Lowell Smart?

✠ ✠

Naomi T. (in Latin)—He also formed a triple line of battle of four veterinary legions.

✠ ✠

Miss S. (in English)—You may commit anything you want to.

Lowell S.—How about suicide?

✠ ✠

Letty P. (in English)—Miss Sample, does a hero have to be a man?

✠ ✠

Dick M. (in History)—Don't they charge $100 for a seat in the National Convention?

J. W. K.—Yes. I think so.

Margaret F.—Well, when I go, I'll stand up.

✠ ✠

Moore—What does hydroscopic mean?

E. McCole—It has so much hydrogen.

Moore—No. It has so much something else.

Bob M.—It has too much scopic.

✠ ✠

Dick M. (copying assignment in Botany)—There, I missed a whole line. I never could copy.

R. S.—Except on a test.

✠ ✠

Class passing to Chemistry—

"Sis" R.—Where are you going, Lowell?

L. Smart—Nowhere.

Miss S. (in English III)—Melvin, which would you rather I should use in talking to you, direct speech or sarcasm?

M. Mansfield—Oh, nary one would move me.

✠ ✠

A speaker in chapel exercise: "The higher you build the better foundation you should have."

Miner P. (looking at J. Burke)—You must be very careful, John.

✠ ✠

J. W. K.—When that bell rings, it means for you to get in your desks.

John B.—Maybe I can crawl into mine, but I am afraid my feet will hang out.

✠ ✠

J. McGuire (in English)—His face was pimpled with narrow eyes.

✠ ✠

What are you interested in, Letty?

L. Pratt—The G. H. S. Annual!

✠ ✠

Lowell S. says he thinks it is nice to take a girl a box of chocolates ten hours before breakfast, when it won't hurt her appetite.

✠ ✠

There is something in having a fixed reputation. (Gertrude V. getting a drink at the fountain—Oh, hurry up and get into to room! It's late, for here comes the Cooper kids.

✠ ✠

Bob M. (in Chemistry)—Where is that Dudiometer?

Miss S. (in Senior English)—Bob, please stop talking to Rhea. I have no more patience to waste on you!

Bob M.—Y—I'm not talking to Rhea. I was just looking at the back of my coat.

Miss S.—Then you will please stop looking at "her."

✠ ✠

Laura R. on looking at her Chemistry test paper, saw the words, "See Me." Nice, convenient way of asking for a date, isn't it?

✠ ✠

R. King (in Botany)—Say, will a bad egg do just as well as a good one in this experiment?

✠ ✠

Prof. K.—Where was Alexander buried, Anna?

A. Yelton—Well, they took him to Memphis, and then to Alexandria.

Kendall:—Where is Memphis?

Anna—In Tennessee.

✠ ✠

Prof. K.—What became of Themistocles, Oral?

O. Curry—Why, he was Oysterized.

✠ ✠

E. McCole and R. Kinder discussing "Vanity Fair"—

Rhea—I never read a book without a hero before.

Elizabeth—Why, Becky Sharp is the hero.

✠ ✠

Miss S. (in Hamlet class)—What does Hamlet mean by saying, "I have compounded the body with dust!"

Bob M.—He has planted it.

J. W. K.—When Cleopatra died she sent word to Mark Anthony that she was dead.

✠ ✠

"Sis" Reed—Did you ever hear about when "Tubby" went to heaven?

M. Hancock—No, what about it?

"Sis"—When he went to heaven they asked him to lead the choir. He asked for 1,000,000 sopranos, 1,000,000 altos and 1,000,000 tenors. They said, all right, but what are you going to do for the bass? "Tubby" said, "Oh, I'll sing that."

✠ ✠

Miss S.—Are transcendentalists optimists or pessimists, Josephine?

J. Wilson—Optimists, because they see everything with their eyes.

✠ ✠

Miss S.—Now, for instance, you go out into the orchard and an apple falls, you don't see the gravity that pulls it down, do you?

Harry K.—Maybe it was the wind.

✠ ✠

John B.—Don't open that stove door, it will smoke.

Mr. Moore—It just has a bad habit, that is all.

✠ ✠

Ione F.—Why it is that in modern novels they just take the fellow up to his marriage?

Grace G.—I suppose they think marriage is death.

✠ ✠

Has Louis Moore-head?

"Bub" B.—Did you see that flower I gave Moore?

Miner P.—Did you give him a flower? He will give you 'S" next month, won't he?

✠ ✠

Mr. Moore—Burwell, you may tell me how chlorine tastes and smells.

B. B.—I didn't taste it. The smell was enough for me.

✠ ✠

Mr. Moore—Throw a few drops of H.O. in Letty Pratt's face!

L. P.—Oh, Mr. Moore, don't do that. I haven't any powder up here!

✠ ✠

Mr. K.—Someone tried to tell me that Lycurgus was "liquor juice."

✠ ✠

Leone B. visits class—

Miss S. (taking roll)—Is Lowell absent?

R. S.—No, here he is beside Leone.

Miss S. (absently writing)—And Malcolm?

D. M.—Beside Herma.

Miss S. (looking up)—Ch, I see; first indication of spring. Well, Lowell, we will let you discuss the love lyrics.

✠ ✠

Miss C.—Decline Flunko.

"Bub" Barr—Flunko, Flunkere—faculty—fixum.

✠ ✠

Mr. Todd—Mabel, get right up there by your problem. If it is too far to walk, I will push your chair around to it.

M. T.—I wish you would push it then.

Herma B.—Who has the worst temper, a blonde or a brunette?

Imprudent Freshie—You ought to know, you've been both.

✠ ✠

Miss S. (in English)—What about this wife of Bath impressed you most?

M. Hancock—Her red socks.

✠ ✠

Senior Senator—Mr. Moore, do you think the Philippines should be given their independence?

Mr. Moore—No.

Senior Senator—Why?

Moore—We need them.

Senior Senator—What for?

Moore—The faculty wants some place to put this Senior class when it is through with it.

✠ ✠

J. Kight—H. is used in balloons because of its low density.

Herma B.—I should think that would be high density.

✠ ✠

Good Manners and Good Form.

(Address all communications to Bob Mulvihill.)

How should a young lady announce her engagement? Anxious, Louise Thayer.

With a megaphone.

✠ ✠

Is it proper to ask a girl to go to the "Why Not" before you have paid other attentions to her? Russell Stuart.

No. It's too expensive.

I took a girl to a football game recently. Is that enough to insure propriety in introducing her to my family? Doubtfully, Nelson Black.

Most certainly! You are doubtless anxious, and if the girl suit you—yes!

✠ ✠

Is it proper for a girl to correspond with people she has never met? Ruth Hilt.

Under certain conditions. I refer you to Urith Dailey for further information.

✠ ✠

Kindly tell me whether it is customary for a girl to wear her first wedding ring after her second marriage? "Tappy."

No! It is best to lay it aside. It might cause bad effects.

What is the best way to get a girl in the mood for accepting a proposal? "Bub" Barr.

Give her a "Square Deal."

✠ ✠

What had I better do with my first "date"?
Lena Hivinor.

✠ ✠

Preserve it!

✠ ✠

Mr. K.—What did St. Peter do?
Mary W.—Why—Why—he died.

✠ ✠

Mr. Moore—Letty, how do you know chlorine is soluble?
L. Pratt—Charles said it was.

Mabel Toles: I guess pajamas must be that stuff Mamma has in jars.

Josephine McGuire: Never wait for a boy or a street car. There'll be another one along in five minutes.

Bob Mulvihill: Get off my feet. They're for me to walk on, not you.

Moore: Let's get quiet, please.

Mr. Moore: Let's get down on all fours now.

Ruth Hilt: Oh, yes, I see, now.

Miner Pugh: Has anyone got anything to eat? I didn't get up in time to get any breakfast.

Bob Mulvihill: Well, I'm a man of my word, ain't I?

Kendall: Nebraska hasn't anything now but prize fights and divorce cases.

Moore: $6 \times 4 = 48$.

Russell Comstock: I wish some one would hurry up and write some more histories.

Mabel Toles: Must close, my pencil is worn off with much love.

Lowell Smart: Give me a little more time, please.

Kendall: This school is to educate, not to graduate.

Ione Fischer: Touching your toes fifty times daily is a good stretching exercise.

Katie Teel: Always put off till tomorrow what you don't have to do today.

Letty Pratt: Oh, yes, I know now, it was Henry Patrick.

Kate Curry: The Seniors are so blamed big-headed they have to use shoe-horns to get their hats on.

Mabel Toles: Oh, shoot! No one will fuss with me!

Pearl Hendren: I just love "A 'Garland' of Old Fashioned Roses."

Dick Morgan: What's the use to study? Just get a stand-in with the teachers.

Todd: If I didn't have the patience of Job I'd be mad by now.

Ermil Haydock: Washington got a wound in his leg, which killed his horse.

Moore: I'm not here to teach arithmetic.

Lowell Smart: Letty, did you ever love anyone?

Mabel Toles: Cooper is my favorite novelist.

Ione Fischer: We didn't study it that way at Milroy.

ORGANIZATIONS

1913

Mulvihill. Stanley. Thayer. Hancock. Hilt. Reed. McCole. Comstock. Bruner. Engibous. Stuart Black. Vaughn. Tapscott. Toms. Stewart. Haydock.

Fletcher. Groff. Gant. Dailey. Sample. Morgan. Curry. Smart.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Socks and Buskins reorganized the second week of school with Russell Stuart, president; Ermil Haydock, vice-president, and Elizabeth McCole, treasurer. Nine new members were taken into the Club. An initiation party was given at the house of our president. Each new member represented the following characters:

Kathryn Curry	Grandmother Grundy
Naomi Tapscott	Juliet
Lowell Toms	Romeo
Frances Groff	Mrs. Malaprop
Louise Thayer	Aunty Drudge
Urith Dailey	Little Eva
Nelson Black	Sambo
Frank Stewart	Pat McGrady
Ralph Bruner	Falstaff

The old members represented the new, dressing and acting the parts during the entire evening. A few weeks later four more new members were taken in. They were: Mabel Stanley, Gertrude Vaughn, Russell Comstock and Clare Fletcher.

The week after Thanksgiving vacation, "Eether or Eyther," a play about thirty minutes' long, was given for the benefit of the Senior class.

CAST.

Mr. Turlington, Sr.	Ermil Haydock
Mrs. Turlington, Sr.	Urith Dailey
Mr. Bray	Lowell Smart
Mrs. Bray	Elizabeth McCole
Mr. Turlington, Jr.	Russell Stuart
Mrs. Turlington, Jr.	Ruth Hilt
Simpson	Robert Mulvihill
Twitter	Laura Reed

SYNOPSIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Turlington, Jr., on their first wedding anniversary have invited their respective parents to dinner. Mrs. Turlington, Jr., is knitting and Mr. Turlington is reading to her a passage from Ruskin, when he pronounces the word either "eether." Mrs. Turlington, Jr., interrupts him several times, telling him that it is pronounced "eyther," and says that she has often noticed that he always says "eether," but she had never mentioned it before. He continues his reading, saying "eether," but Mrs. Turlington insists that it is incorrect. They argue quite a while and both become very angry. Mrs. Turlington's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bray, are announced and Mrs. Turlington

leaves the room, saying she cannot see her parents at present. Edward explains to them, but has left the room by the time Mrs. Turlington enters, who also explains to her parents. Mrs. Bray and her daughter leave the room and while they are gone Mr. and Mrs. Turlington, Sr., arrive. While the situation is being explained to them, Mrs. Bray and Mrs. Turlington, Jr., enter. Mrs. Bray and Mr. Turlington, Sr., blame Mr. Turlington, Jr., for not letting Mrs. Turlington, Jr., have her way about it, but Mrs. Turlington, Sr., and Mr. Bray blame Mrs. Turlington, Jr.

While they are arguing the men call frantically, "Simpson, my hat, my hat!" Before the parents arrived Mr. Turlington, Jr., has told Simpson, the butler, to open a bottle of champagne.

When he comes into the room he accuses Twitter, the maid, of telling Mr. Turlington, Jr., that he has opened two bottles instead of one. Twitter tells him that "the wine has flew to his head and she can smell it, plain as day." This makes him very angry, resulting in a quarrel, and by this time things have begun to look very serious, when Twitter falls, saying, "I am subject to spasms." At this Mrs. Turlington, Jr., faints. Simpson runs to Twitter and the others to Mrs. Turlington. Simpson tells Twitter it was not her fault, only a little misunderstanding, and they forgive each other. By this time Mrs. Turlington, Jr., has revived, and everyone says it is all on account of the word either. Each one agrees to say either "eether" or "eyther" and Simpson announces that dinner is served.

Another play, "Mystery," about twenty minutes long, was given by the Dramatic Club for the same purpose.

CAST.

Nan Eager ..... Mabel Stanley
Amy Lovekin ..... Ruth Hilt
Gordon Strong ..... Russell Stuart
Bob Armstrong ..... Frank Stewart
Rose Grady ..... Louise Thayer

SYNOPSIS.

Amy Lovekin is arranging flowers and waiting impatiently for some of her friends, when Nan Eager rushes in and breathlessly tells Amy that she has read a story that has opened her eyes. The girl in the story wrapped herself in mystery, never telling

anyone what she was going to do. She had all the fellows guessing and they were all crazy about her. But Amy said that she and Nan didn't want all the fellows crazy about them, because they had Bob and Gordy. Finally Nan proposes that when the boys come to have Rose, the Irish lady, bring in a letter and a valentine for Amy and a letter for Nan. Rose enters into this with great pleasure. They hear the fellows coming, so they rush out before the fellows see them. The boys do not understand the strange actions of the girls. They receive mysterious letters and telegrams, engage in mysterious conversation over the telephone and rush around with suit cases trying to catch trains. At last, when the boys question them about the meaning of the telegrams it begins to dawn upon them what it means. By this time the girls have found out that the boys care for no one else but them, and Rose comes in saying, "Sure and it was me that done it all."

Letty Pratt: Oh, you know what I mean.

Rhea Kinder: I'm so sorry there aren't any fellows in High School by the name of Jake.

Malcolm Hancock: Why don't fellows go crazy over girls nowadays like those love lyricists did?

Urith Dailey: He can't tell that, let me tell it.

Ruth Amick: I don't want to go to the board because my face always gets red.

Lois Ramsey: I just can't understand anything.

Bob Mulvihill: I don't just understand that, tell me again.

Mr. Kendall: Study period again this morning.

Hazel Harrison: If Bub Barr would sing would Laura read (Reed)?

Russell Stuart (in Sen.): I don't think you fellow senators understand this bill.

Earl Beckner: Well, I could tell him lots of things he doesn't know.

Mr. Kendall: What does the "Watch on the Rhine" mean? Surely not an eight-day clock?

Mr. Moore: My reasons for this are several.

Letty Pratt: "A Young Girl's Wooing" is just lovely.

Grace Gambrel: If a doctor had seventeen pills would he give the Qui—nine and the sulph—ate?

Bob Mulvihill: The Niagara has no eyes but yet it goes to sea.

Lena Hivnor: Yes, I have read that book.

Warren Mannon (in Sen.): Now, this monkey business will have to be cut out.

Ermil Haydock: Don't look at me, look out of the windows.

Nelson Black: A lot of fellows ask girls to marry them simply because they have run out of other questions to ask.

Grace Gambrel: When Democracy comes in at the door food goes out at the window.

Bob Mulvihill: Who said pickles?

Mabel Toles: I move that some new fellows be imported into Greenfield from some place.

Dick Morgan (in Sen.): See! I'll be an orator yet some day.

Margaret Floyd: It seems Tub Arnold will be an expert electrician yet, as he is now making a careful study of "Sparks."

Letty Pratt: Well, if I married a man and didn't like him I'd get a divorce so I could marry someone else.

Lute Morehead (in Chem.): Two platinum wires exploded an explosion—

Margaret Floyd: Rhea Kinder has changed her pet expression from "Clyde said" to "Jake said."

Todd: This algebra is as hard for some people to catch as the measles.

Herma Bohm: Oh, Bub, give me a kiss.

Bob Mulvihill: Did you say there was a mouse turned loose in the assembly room today?

Todd: Oh, well, we'll let that go until some other sunshiny day.

Raymond King: I'm a Democrat because my papa is.

Todd: I beg your pardon and thank you much.

Cordon Eaton: I don't mind the going to school. It's the staying after I get there.

Bob Mulvihill: I believe I'll sing you a song. It's time to be dismissed anyhow.

L. SMART BILL BOARD AND ADV. CO.

— BLACK AND GROFF. —
PLAYING
"ROMEO AND JULIET"

— HANCOCK —
STAR - IN -
"THE FOOL HATH SAID"

GUERTRUDE VAUGHN
NOTED SOPRANO
IN
WEBER & OPERA

BRUNER
AS
FALSTAFF
IN
"HENRY XV."

EAT GRAPE-NUTS

AND

GROW STRONG.

TRY

"KIS ME"

IF YOU WISH
TO CHEW

THE BEST GUM MADE

ANN REED PLAYING IN -
"THE DAUGHTER of HEAVEN"

ROBT. MUVLIHILL.
IN
"TEN NIGHTS IN THE BAR ROOM".

MABLE STANLEY.
PLAYING IN
"THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER".

MISS ROSLAND GANT
IN
"THE ROSE MAID."

NAOMI TAPSCOTT.
- AS -
EVA TANGUARY II.

HAYDOCK'S CIRCUS.
4-FOUR RINGS-4
FREE ATTRACTION
TWO BANDS.
GRAND STREET PARADE.
SIDE SHOW.
MADAM THAYER
FAT LADY
597-LBS
MASTER TOMS
TWO FEET HIGH
FLETCHER
AND
HIS TRAINED PIG
McCOLE
"QUICK CHANGE
ARTIST."
FORTUNE
TELLING.
CURRY AND ENGIBOUS
VAUDERVILLE AND
LIGHTNING
ARTISTS.
COMSTOCK
AND
DAILEY.
TOE
DANCING.
STUART
AND
SMART.
IRISH, DUTCH AND BLACKFACE
COMEDIANS.
SLIGHT OF HAND AND BELLRINGERS
MARY SAMPLE.
OPHELIA IN HAMLET
MR. RICHARD MORGAN
IN
"TRAVELING
SALESMAN"
RUTH HILT
STAR
IN
LITTLEST REBEL
RUSSELL STEWART IN
"A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL."
KATE
CURRY
VAUDERVILLE.
COMING
WITH
HAYDOCKS
CIRCUS.

GERMAN

KAFFEE KLATCH.

"Guten Tag, Fraulein Hayes. Bin ich die Erste die zum Kaffee gekommen ist?"

"Ja, Ich denke es, Fraulein Hilt. Heute haben wir mit uns Besuch. Frau Magenheimer darf ich Ihnen Fraulein Hilt vorstellen?"

"Frau Magenheimer, Es frent mich sehr Sie kennen zu lernen. Ach! Hier kommen die Fraulein Kight, Dailey und McKown."

"Guten Tag! Guten Tag! Kommer wir zu spat?"

"Ach nein. Niemals zu spat. Unsere Besucher. Frau Magenheimer, die Fraulein Kight, McKown und Dailey."

"Ach! Horen Sie! Es klingelt."

"Guten Tag, alle. Frau Magenheimer darf ich Ihnen diese Madchen vorstellen, die Fraulein West, Kirkpatrick, Ramsey, Moran, Wilson, Shumway, Kinder und McGuire. Amusieren Sie sich alle recht gut."

* * * * *

"Nun Fraulein McKown zur Erleuchtung der Frau Magenheimer, bitte, erzahlen Sie von dem Deutschen verein der Greenfield High School."

Nun die erste Klasse hat keinen verein, dock hat die zweite Klasse einen welcher sich alle vier wochen in der Schule versammelt ihrer ordentlichen stunde. Die dritte Klasse hat einen verein von welchen die Seniors, die Deutsch studiert haben, die Mitglieder sind.

Dieser verein versammelt sich alle vier wochen am Donnerstag abend. Hier gielt es ein Programm das aus Liedern, Geschich-

ten and Dialogues besteht. Dieser verein versammelt sich einen Abens nach der Schule, und erwahlte Lowell Smart zum Prasident; Lucile Shumway zum Secretar; Rhea Kinder zum Schatzmeister; die Fraulein Kight und Hendren zum gastmahlichen Komite. Unsere erste Versammlung war bei Herrn Smart. Die zweite Versammlung war bei Herrn Burke auf dem Lande, Hier Herr Smart nahm uber sich Fraulein Dailey zu unterhalten und zu sehen das sie nicht einsam wurde. Gerade in dem wir uns bereiteten nach Hause zuruck zukehren, rief Herr Smart, in einer melodischen Stimme, "Komm heraus in den Schwung, Urith, ehe wir gehen." Sie ging, aber die Anderen blieb drinnen und schauten hinans. "Uud was willst du?" sagte sie. "Lass uns in der Mondenschein sitzen." Sie setzte sich einen Augenblick. Als wir einen seltsamen schall horten sturmten wir hinaus. Lowell sagte, "Ach Urith, thue das nicht wieder, es macht mich errothen." Wir sagten ihnen mitzukommen. "Urith es tut mir grosses Leid, das unsere gluckliche Stunde so kurz war. Denke nur das ich in einen verschiedenen Wagen heimgehen musz. Lebe Wohl."

Zum Weihnachten hatten wir ein ordentliches Deutschen Weihnachtsfest bei Fraulein Hayes, unserer deutschen Lehrerin. Die madchen kleideten sich alle wir die deutschen Bauerinnen. Die weihnachtslieder wurden gesungen. Dann machte sich die Thur auf und wir versammelten uns um den Tannenbaum um unsere Geschenke zu bekommen. Dann amusierten sich alle gut.

"Das war sehr gut. Jetzt werden wir Kaffee haben. Fraulein Shumway wollen Sie die Sahne und den Zucker in Ihren Kaffee haben?" "Ja, danke sehr."

"Fraulein West, was wollen Sie haben?"

"Beide, Danke."

"Jetzt sind Sie alle versehen? Schon."

* * * * *

"Ach Fraulein Hayes, der Kaffee schmeckt mir sehr gut."

"Ach er schmeckt mir auch sehr gut. Es freut mich sehr Frau Magenheimer, Sie Kennen zu lernen. Es wurde uns gefallen, Sie bei uns wieder zu haben."

"Ich dauke, Fraulein, Ich mochte es gern und vielleicht moge ich. Guten Tag! Guten Tag!"

✠ ✠

✠ ✠

Miss S.—What does analysis mean?

Anna Y.—I think it deals with insects.

✠ ✠

J. W. K.—Clara, what does diplomacy mean?

Clara B.—It means he had received his diplo—, I don't know hardly how to explain it.

Clarence W.—There was a chapter for every month.

Miss S.—Then, how many chapters in the book?

C. W.—Fourteen.

✠ ✠

J. W. K.—Name four judges in the Hebrew age, Marie.

Marie Beaver—Well, I think that Jehovah was one!

The High School may well be proud of its musical organizations of the past year, consisting of an orchestra and a double quartette, the latter affording both a boys' and a girls' quarette. Never was an orchestra or double quartette so much in demand as these have been. Both the boys' quartette and the orchestra have been called upon for a number of public performances, for which they have been well remunerated. These organizations have been instrumental in affording much pleasure to the High School, in presenting special programmes for assembly room exercises.

The excellency of this department has been due largely to the faithful work of Miss Elizabeth Williams, as director.

Mr. Kendall—Karl, who were Noah's three sons?
K. Stoner—Cain and Abel.

Miss S. (in Chaucer class)—Mary (Wilson) will you explain auditor for me?

Miss Elizabeth Williams
Director

Orchestra
The Personnel

First Violin
Claude Loy

Second Violin
Harry Koin
Florence Ponsler

Drums
Clement Shackle

Piano
Naomi Tapscott

First Cornet
Sheldon Cooper
John Julian

Second Cornet
Carol Hagan
Floyd Mannon

Clarinet
Malcolm Hancock

Double Quartette
The Personnel

Soprano
Laura Reed
Edna Jackson

Alto
Urith Dailey
Mildred Sparks

Bass
Sheldon Cooper
Ralph Bruner

Tenor
Lowell Smart
Robert Mulvihill

Shackle. Cooper. Williams. Tapscott. Koin. Ponsler.
Julian. Loy. Hagans. Mannon. Hancock.

SENIOR SONG

ff Allegro
Letty Pratt
In Nine-teen Nine as Fresh-men We were un-common ly green.
We came here proud-ly say-ing, We'll grad-u-ate in thirteen.
Chorus
Thir-teen Thir-teen The best class ever scen-- ---- Thir-teen is luck-
y For those who are pluck-y
So boost for Nine-teen thir-teen

2. The next year we were Sop'mores,
   The most learned bunch e'er seen;
   Yet there were not so many,
   Who would graduate in thirteen.

3. One more year and we were Juniors;
   We grew quite lank and lean,
   When struggling with Math and Latin,
   To graduate in thirteen.

4. And now we're simply Seniors,
   Our numbers less, we ween,
   Than when we entered High School
   To graduate in thirteen.

5. No Senior boy may President be,
   No Senior girl a Queen,
   But this we know, that everyone,
   May "boost" for nineteen thirteen.

LATIN CLUB.

The Latin Club was organized by the Latin students of the High School at the beginning of school, with an enrollment of about thirty members. The following officers were elected:

Naomi Tapscott, president; Ruth Amick, vice-president; Edna Jackson, secretary and treasurer; Lena Hivinor, Gertrude Vaughn and Russell Comstock, program committee; Ida Belle Hawkins, Edith Dailey and Frank Stewart, amusement committee.

The Club meets on Friday night, twice a month, at the homes of the various members. The programs have consisted of piano solos, and papers on "The Roman House," Lael Welchel; "Roman Furniture," Gertrude Vaughn; "The Roman Family," Ralph Bruner; "Roman Marriages," Lena Hivinor; "Dress of the Romans," Ruth Amick; "Roman Funerals," Frank Stewart.

THE DRAWING DEPARTMENT.

The drawing department, under the supervision of Miss Engibous, has become better each year.

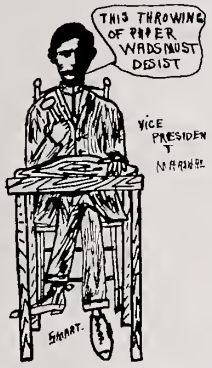
The class that had taken one term of drawing last year finished up its work the first semester of this year. It did some fine work in the way of pen and ink drawings.

The program, in connection with the new classes this year, has been changed, so that the one class made its whole credit the first term, by taking drawing every day of the week instead of only two days. The second term class has also made a credit in the same way. The excellent work of these classes has been shown by the drawings on exhibit.

The special drawing class has been continued again this year. Its work has been entirely with china painting. This is an advantage not often given in schools, and is due to Miss Engibous's kindness and varied knowledge of everything in the art line.

SENATE

The Greenfield High School Senate was organized December 5, 1912. The purpose of this great body was to uplift the school and to encourage a closer study of questions of National interest, in order that we might here enact laws, which, by their wisdom and justice, might serve for for the preservation of the Nation in case—and we think such a situation not improbable—the august body of lawmakers at Washington fails to arrive at our satisfactory solutions of the various problems of the day. Every Thursday night the voices of our loyal Senators are uplifted in discordant clamor. The Senate consists of seventy-two members, and has proved a decided success.



The officers were elected as follows: Russell Comstock, president; Laura Anne Reed, president pro tem; Russell Stuart, secretary; Burwell Barr, clerk, and Ermil Haydock, sergeant-at-arms.

The illustrious president is an authority on politics, and when his portly figure is resting in his chair, this authority is undisputed. It has even been said that he was acquiring the commanding voice and compelling glance of a pedagogue.

The president pro tem is famous for her fiery denunciations of corrupt practices in politics. Her speeches are delicately flavored with sarcasm, which greatly hinders their digestibility. She often expresses her disgust with the following: "You know, Mr. President, I think that's mighty funny."

The secretary is noted for the brilliant speeches (fifty-seven varieties), which are the products of his wonderful brain. His speed is unrivaled and his massive words cause frequent reference to the dictionaries, which are fortunately at each side of the Senate room. We have attempted to secure a phonographic record of some of his stirring speeches, but discovered, to our sorrow, that no electric vibration could be secured with sufficient velocity to catch or reproduce more than one-third of his words.

Therefore, we regret to say this flow of oratory is forever lost to posterity—naught but the echo remains.

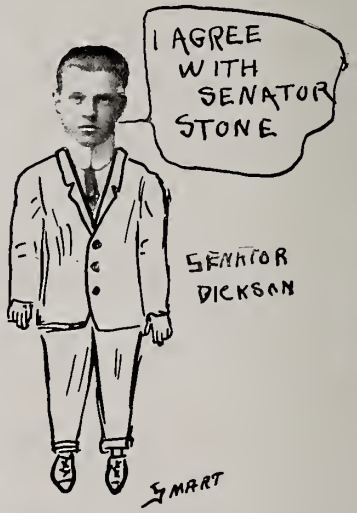
The clerk has proved his worth because his gentle voice brings quick responses in answer to the roll. His brilliant defense of the Philippines Bill is worthy of notice.

The sergeant-at-arms has faithfully performed his duties, is adept at administering necessary discipline and is determined in his efforts, that no unbecoming language,—even near-profanity,—shall be permitted in the Senate room or corridors. Neither does he allow wet paper missiles thrown. Words of the most refined and soothing sounds, alone, are weapons worthy of a Senator, is his opinion.

Senator Stone (Miner Pugh) is one of our foremost Senators. His power of oratory is unquestioned. He is thoroughly familiar with the Bible, especially the New Testament. When introducing the Philippines Bill his speech was the pearl of oratory. With his choice and flowery language he awed his fellow Senators. He is perfectly capable of handling himself in a heated discussion, for when he has exhausted his vocabulary he resorts to his final sarcasm, saying, "My opponent is perfectly ridiculous."

Senator Cummins (Frank Stewart) is our distinguished Freshman Senator. He is a strong advocate of woman suffrage, having made a brilliant speech in its behalf. He had the honor of introducing Bill No. 7, which was the first to be passed by the Senate. His methods are shown by the following extract from the Record, on February 20, 1913: Senator Oliver (Lowell Smart), at the conclusion of a violent anti-suffrage speech, made the remark, "We refuse to yield the point that woman suffrage would better the conditions 'cause everybody knows that the women in Denver drink more than the men. Now, prove tain't so!" Senator Cummins (Frank Stewart): "Mr. President, I would like to ask Senator Oliver what it is that the women drink—buttermilk?"

Whereupon, Senator Stone (Miner Pugh), becoming disgusted, arose and addressed the chair: "Mr. President, I fear that our young Senator friend is ignorant of the ways of the world." But when Senator Cummins (Frank Stewart) signified his willingness to take instructions from his superior, Senator Stone (Miner Pugh) agreed that his lack of erudition could be easily pardoned, and once more Senator Cummins was reinstated in the Senate's good grace.



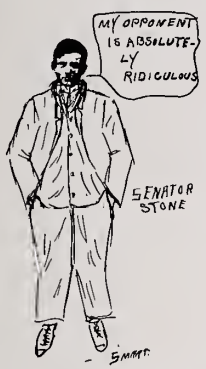
Senator Newlands (Naomi Tapscott), in making her debut, was afflicted with stage fright, but she soon recuperated, and made a vigorous defense in behalf of her pet resolution, "The Six Year Presidential Term."

Senator Bristow (Louise Thayer) is one of our enthusiastic militant suffragettes. Her orations rate high, but we advise her to use Pinkley's Painless Powders for her voice, so that it may be better understood.

Senator Paynter (Sylvester Moore) is the father of the Agricultural Bill. His wonderful defense of it was successful, and it was carried by a large majority of the women Senators. The bill did not, as you see, win on its merits. His winning personality and cool deliverance excite the admiration of his fellow Senators of the more susceptible sex.

Senator Crawford (Mr. Kendall) is one of the leading spirits of the Senate. He always has great weight when he enters his opinion, and the following speech, made by him against woman suffrage, will go down in our records as one of the gems of

American oratory, deserving to rank with masterpieces of Lincoln: "Mr. President, I am bitterly opposed to this resolution. To give the women the right to vote is utterly absurd! The men always have voted alone, and always will. Women are fickle and easily bought off. Their inconstancy would soon lead to a very corrupt government. To change the custom, which has buffeted the storms of centuries, is folly. If women are allowed to vote they should be made to serve in the army and navy. May I never see the day when women are allowed National suffrage. They will become tyrants. Take me, for example; when women are granted National suffrage my wife will not stay at home. I will be left there to care for the babies, and wash the dishes. After a short period of this drudgery my frail figure would soon waste away. If it is granted, political differences will become a basis for divorce. Domestic estrangements would be so numerous as to be a warning to those contemplating marriage. Therefore, Mr. President, I hope my fellow Senators will use their common sense and vote against woman suffrage."



Senator Simmons (Mary Sample) rendered an eloquent oration in defense of the six-year presidential term. Her emphatic gestures and concise grammar readily convinced her fellow Senators. She is famous for her speech on the Philippines Bill, when she feelingly quoted the constitution and paid a last tearful tribute to the memory of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death." Her seventh heaven is in a heated discussion.

Senator Dixon (Richard Morgan) is of invaluable use to the Senate as a seconder of motions, saving us much time, which might be wasted if we had to wait for a less experienced tongue to say, "Second the motion, Mr. President."

Senator Nelson's (Ralph Bruner) speech against woman suffrage clearly showed his opinion of women, when he stated that women were not capable of handling the privilege of voting.

Senator McClain (Mabel Toles) is an example of what the Senate has done for the school. After attending three meetings her slumbering power of oratory was awakened, and in the discussion of the presidential term resolution, her logical speech showed deep thought and greatly astonished her fellow Senators.

Senator Grona (Rosalind Gant) succeeded in offering a good defense for the presidential term resolution. Her speech was the result of solemn thought.

During the 1913 session, the Senate discussed the following Bills: The direct election of United States Senators; a bill providing a civil government for the Philippines; a resolution to amend the Constitution, limiting the President's term of office to one term of six years; a resolution to amend the Constitution, granting equal suffrage to men and women; a bill providing for the establishment and maintenance of agricultural stations in districts where sixty per cent. of the population are engaged in agricultural pursuits; a bill providing for the adoption of a standard metric system. These are some of the bills which have brought the Senators in touch with the vital questions of the day. The presidential term resolution, the woman suffrage resolution and the agricultural bill brought about heated discussions. Statistics and facts played a large part in the argument of the contending Senators. They were discussed with an

understanding which does credit to the Senators. Their ability to cope with the questions shows their preparation and enthusiasm.

After reading the history of this past session of the most illustrious Senate ever convened; after coming to full understanding of the laws passed and questions discussed, can any citizen of this country deny that we have achieved our complete purpose; that we have formed ourselves into a body which can be depended upon for a National safeguard?—Senator Cummins (Frank Stewart).

THE LUCKY AND UNLUCKY.

Anna and Robert, their fate is sad.
The other day Bob got mad,
And he told Anna he wouldn't stand it—
He wouldn't go with her if she went with Eddie Andis.

"Well, I guess you and I will have to quit," she said.
Bob staggered backwards holding his head;
"And you love Eddie better than me?"
"Yes," then she turned and hurried down the street.

(A few lines composed by Edith Duncan, and I was told to have you look over it to put it in the Annual. Shows pathos, mirth, tragedy and love; also rhythm and beats, etc. Look it over.)

Lowell Smart.

✠ ✠

Is it proper to state my message to my friend's father when she is not at home? Ignorant, Eddie Andis.

As a rule, no! It would probably not be received by him. Better call later.

Daphine R.—Where shall I put my name on this picture?

Miss Engibous (looking at the drawing)—Put it some place where it won't show.

✠ ✠

Miss S. (in English)—You know Jupiter has nine moons.

Bob M.—I'll never go there then. There is enough moonlight here for me.

✠ ✠

Mr. Moore—For what else besides a disinfectant is hydrogen peroxide used-

L. Smart—To bleach eyebrows.

✠ ✠

Dick M.—I am going to make "S" next month in Chemistry.

B. B.—How is that?

Dick—I am going to have Moore up for dinner soon.

✠ ✠

Mr. K.—What is the difference between calico and muslin?

Miner P.—Muslin is starched, isn't it?

LITTLE
THEATRE

THE SPIRIT THAT COUNTS.

The night was damp and cloudy; the way foul. The single horseman, cloaked and booted, who pursued his way across Willesden Common, had not met a traveler, when the sound of wheels came to his ear from the darkness ahead. The rider turned his horse abruptly and crashed into the bushes which bordered the road. "Whoa, Belle," he spoke hoarsely.

The wheels approached slowly, until they were directly opposite the man in the bushes, then they stopped. "Better loosen the reins, Henry. 'Tis hard pulling in this mud. Gads! this night is of the devil's own making." The voice from the carriage was impatient but commanding.

Suddenly the horse in the bushes pricked up her ears and neighed. The rider swore an oath under his breath and his hand went to the sword at his side.

"What was that?" came the voice from the road. "It sounded very like the neigh of a horse nearby. See to it, sirrah. We want no highway holdups tonight."

Before the man in the bushes could draw his sword, a figure on horseback flashed a lantern in his face, blinding him for an instant. The horseman advanced and caught his horse's rein.

"Come along here, my fine friend," the intruder sneered. A few paces and they were upon the road. The captive pulled his broad hat low over his eyes, wrapped his cloak close about him, and kept silent.

The conveyance in the middle of the road was an impressive one, such as was used by those of wealth. The horses, though evidently of a fine breed, were hanging their heads in weariness. Two horsemen stood back of the carriage. The third continued to hold on to the stranger's horse. The stranger himself proceeded to take notice of all this in the dim light of the lanterns. Suddenly the carriage door was thrown open, and the figure of a man, unquestionably the owner of the voice, filled the opening.

"Well," he spoke, "so we've trapped you, eh! What do you want, my friend?" The voice was scornful.

The cloaked figure was silent.

"Answer me, fellow! What did you aspire to do?"

"You have made a mistake, sir. I am no highwayman.' ' The stranger's voice was cool and unruffled.

"Oh, indeed!" scoffed the occupant of the carriage. "May I inquire what you are then?"

"I am a gentleman. Perhaps that is why you failed to recognize me," replied the stranger calmly.

The man in the carriage flushed with rage.

"You insulting cur! Reeves, Holls! unhorse the man."

The stranger coolly slid from his horse without any encouragement from the attendants. One, however, dismounting, stepped up behind him and jerked open the cloak, revealing a scarlet uniform.

The man in the carriage started in astonishment; then his eyes flashed.

"Upon my word! What means this? Sir, explain yourself." The speaker's voice quivered with suppressed rage.

The wearer of the scarlet coat brought his face within a foot of that of his inquisitors. His eyes were steely.

"That is not concerning you, sir."

"What! Then I'll make it my concern. Holls, search the man. He may have some papers on his person. Stevens says his Majesty has some enemies in his army." The voice was searching and indignant.

Before the red-coated figure had time to turn, his arms were

bound and the man addressed as Holls was going through his pockets. The stranger's breath came hard.

"You fools!" he burst forth. "I have nothing on my person."

"So? We'll make sure of that," taunted Holls. "You —— ah, a paper." He laughed. "Yes, you may well flinch. His Majesty is not easy on traitors." He turned and passed the paper to the man in the carriage.

The man in the scarlet coat wrenched at the cords which bound his arms in a vain attempt to loosen them.

"D— you!" he flung out.

The figure in the carriage had unfolded the paper, and holding it near a lantern, read:

"My Englishman:—Meet me on the east side of Willesden Common at 11 by the clock tonight. Be cautious. There are many Yankees on the roads these days. Do not let anyone see thee on the road. I fear my father's wrath, but my love for thee is stronger than my fear. Clementine, my maid, will be with me. Thine own, "MARGIE."

A smile spread over the reader's face. He leaned forward in his seat again.

"Unbind him, Holls. Young man, I admire your spirit. No man ever faced me with such words on his lips as those with which you have addressed me. I believe his Majesty has a loyal supporter in you." The man in the red coat lifted his hat. "And I hope," the speaker continued, his face softened, "that you may live happily ever after."

Then the voice took on a business-like air. "Your name, sir. I will see that you are promoted."

The man in the scarlet coat spoke sharply, for in spite of the gentleman's interest he was piqued to think that Margie's note had been revealed.

"Who are you, sir, to take such authority? I'll make my appeal to his Excellency, the Governor, when I have been deserving of a promotion."

The figure in the carriage leaned back wearily.

"I hope so, sir. I am the Governor of Massachusetts."

GERTRUDE VAUGHN, '15.

THE NEW CHURCH CARPET.

"What shall the harvest be-e-e,
Oh what shall the harvest be-e?"

If Mrs. Secrist hadn't sung the hymn one word back of everyone else, if Mrs. Harper hadn't sung it higher than the organ, the singing would have sounded very well.

At last the strains of the hymn died away, and Elizabeth Ann Perkins arrived, as it was her habit to be late. Nobody was surprised, but this time she had something on her mind.

"Hev they done anything yet?" she whispered to Mrs. Baker.

"Nothin' but the hymn, Sister Ann," was the reply.

The president, a tall, solemn-looking woman, had risen to address the meeting.

"Sisters, our society hasn't done much lately. Someone's either been gettin' married, or been sick. But it's all over now. We've called a meeting to plan to entertain the elder, when he comes next month. After that we'll read a letter from a missionary in India, wanting us to raise some money."

Sister Secrist rose. She wore a voluminous black dress, and an old-fashioned bonnet.

"I kin eat him, if Sister Jane kin sleep him," she said.

But Sister Jane could not; her baby had the whooping cough.

Sister Elizabeth Ann rose and said, "I could eat and sleep him both, but I won't unless you get a new carpet for this church. It's all very well to give to th' heathens, but it's an insult to the Lord to worship in this ragged, dirty place. I make a motion that this society git enough money to buy a carpet."

"I second the motion!" said Mrs. Baker.

The president, Mrs. Jones, arose and asked impressively, "Everybody here knows as carpets cost money. I think a little bit more than the thirty-seven cints we hev in the treasury. Now, where are we goin' to get that money?"

"You kin hev a supper at my house, and the young folks kin get up speeches and games, an' I think we kin make enough fer the carpet," replied Elizabeth.

The treasurer, Mrs. Wilson, said she would give a cake, even if it did make her husband mad (as it did).

Elizabeth Ann's house was soon filled on the evening of the party. Everything was, "Howd'y do, howd'y do." The spirit of generosity and good will was everywhere. They played "heavy, heavy, what hangs over," and many other games. Mrs. Wilson set the table for supper, but Mrs. Jones did not approve. She wanted the knives, forks and spoons on the right side of the plate, while Mrs. Wilson had placed the forks on the left.

"That's the way my daughter, Ellen, had 'um, at her weddin' dinner," said Mrs. Wilson.

"By the way," asked Elizabeth Ann, "has Joel got reconciled to Ellen marryin' that Reed fellow yit?"

Mrs. Wilson did not answer, but turned and went to the kitchen. After the supper all agreed that they had had a splendid time, as they left for their homes.

After the dishes were washed, and the spoons carefully sorted, the members of the society counted up the proceeds. There was so much money that Mrs. Wilson was afraid to take it home with her, until her husband nudged her and whispered, "Someone else might steal or spend it." So she carried it home in fear, and trembling, and put it under the carpet.

The next morning she got a letter from Philadelphia. "It's from Henry," she said. "Ellen's sick." Mr. Wilson read the letter, then threw it down on the table.

"I allus said Henry Reed wasn't no good. You was sot on Ellen marryin' him. Now, you're gettin' it back. You've got a son-in-law that can't make a livin' for his family. Writes fer you to come and take care of Ellen, and then don't send you the money to come with. He needn't think he's goin' to git it out of me," said Joel Wilson.

"Oh, Joel!" exclaimed his wife, now busy re-reading the letter. "He says Ellen keeps askin' fer me. It would make her feel so much better to have me there."

"Thin let him send the money, that's all I got to say," grumbled Mr. Wilson, as he took his hat from behind the door, and went out of the house, with a slam on the door which put a period to all pleadings.

Mrs. Wilson wept and churned, and churned and wept, that morning but with little effect.

It seemed that the butter would never come. When at last her task was finished, she sank into a chair, and emptied from a blue sugar bowl all her butter and egg savings. She counted the money, but there was not enough. Just then she thought of the society money under the carpet. Satisfying her conscience with the thought that when she came back she would sell butter and

eggs to pay it back, she took the money. Late that evening she left for Philadelphia.

When her daughter got better, she came home, bringing her little granddaughter, Mary. She loved both of her grandparents very much, often saying, "I love my grandpa, but I feels sorry for my grandma, she cries so much." In fact, Mrs. Wilson was suffering from a guilty conscience.

One day a postcard came, on which was written, "There will be a meeting of the society at the church tonight, to present to the elder the money for the new church carpet. Yours,

"MARTHA BROWN, Secretary of Society."

"I guess grandma's goin' to cry again," said little Mary.

Grandma was crying, "Joel, please give me the money I took out of the society's money," she begged.

"You took it out, an' you git it back the best way you kin," said Mr. Wilson.

That night they all went to church. Mary sat between her grandparents. The church was full. The elder started the hymn:

"My father is rich in houses and lands;
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands.
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full. He has riches untold."

The hymn ended and Mrs. Jones rose to speak. "Will Sister Wilson please give the money to the elder?"

Sister Wilson did not move.

"Are you ready, Sister Wilson?"

Slowly she rose to her feet, and said, "The new carpet ——," she stopped. Her husband had drawn from his pocket a roll of bills, from which he took several.

"It's right here," he said. "Thirty dollars. Amanda was afeered she might lose it, so I've been keepin' it for her."

When, at the close of the meeting, the elder rose and announced the hymn, "Thank God Salvation's Free," Mr. and Mrs. Wilson joined heartily in the chorus.

ROSALIND GANT, '14.

THE SPY.

It was 10 o'clock. The captain and the general were seated at a table in the general's tent. It was evident that the captain was worried. A look of sad determination and relentlessness was plainly seen on the face of the general.

"Captain Macy, I do not think it necessary to argue the matter any further. I have given my orders that the fellow is to be shot at sunrise."

"But, General, I do not think that he is guilty of being a spy. True, he was found under suspicious circumstances. His stubborn silence is against him, but I wish you would give me until tomorrow. I believe I could do something for him. On the plea of our old friendship, I ask you to do this."

The captain leaned forward and put his hand on the arm of his superior. The general shook it off, and rising from his chair he began to pace the room. The captain spoke again.

"Do you know, General, that that young fellow reminds me a great deal of you when I first knew you? The same black, curly hair, brown eyes, and square chin. The way he carries himself, too, is exactly the same. If you would only consent to give me the extension of time!"

The general stopped in his nervous walk and glowered at his friend.

Macy, I have told you once and for all that I refuse. The

fellow was caught under suspicious circumstances and refuses to give any explanation. Therefore, he must suffer the penalty. It is now 10:30. I beg to be excused from further discussion tonight. Good night."

And being thus curtly dismissed the captain departed. Entering his tent he sank in a chair and buried his face in his hands. Presently he left the tent and approached a larger one not far away.

"I wish to speak with the prisoner. You may guard from that stump there," he said to the guard, who immediately retired to the stump, about twelve feet from the entrance of the guard house.

Upon entering the tent the captain saw the figure of a young man reclining upon a pile of blankets. His face was turned towards the entrance, and by his closed eyes and measured breathing the captain knew he was asleep. He gazed at the youthful, handsome face.

"My Lord! How like! If the General had ever been married, I would say this was his child."

He touched the young fellow's shoulder and instantly the prisoner sprang to his feet, saluting. But on second thought, a calm, defiant look came into his eyes.

"You do not seem glad to see me, my boy," and the captain smiled. "But I am not surprised. Believe, me, I am your friend. The General has given orders that you are to be shot as a spy at sunrise. I do not believe you are a spy." He looked searchingly at the young fellow. He was rewarded by a relieved look, which passed over the younger man's face. But all he said was a brief "Thank you."

"I have been trying to persuade the General to give you an extension of time, but he refuses. Can you not give me your confidence, in order that I may be able to help you?"

"I thank you, Captain, but I can give my confidence to no one but the General. I give you my word of honor that I am not a spy. I was found in the clothes of a Southerner, but I am not a Southerner. If the General would give me a hearing I think I could convince him of my innocence. But he refuses. I asked for an audience, but he said he was busy and could not, nay, would not. What I would say involves the honor of another, and I can tell no one but the General. I had hoped to explain, but I have given up hopes," and a yearning, grieved look came into his eyes.

"While there is life there is hope, remember. I will try to get an interview with the General for you. Do you know, you remind me very much of the General?"

"What! Do you see a likeness?" cried the young man, and he looked eagerly into the face of the captain.

"A very great likness," replied the captain.

"Captain, you have given me hope. I must see the General! Captain, will you do me a favor? You give this trinket to him and tell him that I beg him to grant me an interview," and he put a tiny gold locket in the hand of the captain.

"I will do my best for you," answered the captain, and motioning to the guard to resume his duty, he hastened to the tent of the general. He said to the sentinel

"Ask the General if I may speak with him. Tell him it is very important." The guard entered the tent and soon returned, saying, "The General begs to be excused."

"But, man, I must see him!" And he passed the sentinel and entered the tent. The general stood facing him.

"Captain, I gave orders that I was not to be disturbed. I ask you to leave."

"General, I have come to ask you again to see that young man ——."

"I have given my orders concerning that young man, and I refuse to listen."

The captain said nothing, but simply held out his hand, in the palm of which lay the gold locket. The general looked at him for a moment, then striding towards him, exclaimed, "Where did you get that?"

"The boy sent it to plead for him."

"Where did he get it?"

"I do not know."

"Did he tell you nothing?"

"Nothing."

The general sank into his chair and buried his face in his arms. When finally he raised his head there was a softened, yet unbelieving, look in his face.

"You say the boy looks like me?" he questioned of the captain.

"Very much," was the reply.

"I could not help but notice it this morning in the court. Bring him to me." The captain hastened away and soon returned with the prisoner. The general gazed at the face of the boy before him and once again could not help but recognize the likeness to himself.

"Whose locket is this?" he questioned of the boy.

"It is mine."

"Where did you get it?"

"My mother gave it to me." The general put his hand on the table to steady himself.

"Who was your mother? Her name?"

"For years she was known as Mrs. Jameson. But her real name was Grant. I knew it only a while before she died."

"My boy, tell me of your mother and my—— wife," came brokenly from the general. The captain started, but said nothing.

The young man began: "I had known for several years that my mother was suffering from some mental disease. A few days before her death I was called home from my school at West Point. I did not know that she was so sick, but when I reached home she was unconscious. For three days she was in that condition, but on the night of the fourth day she came to herself. She seemed much better and I was overjoyed.

"The next evening the doctor and I were sitting in the room with her. I had noticed that she had seemed rather pre-occupied and worried all day. For some time she had been lying with eyes closed, holding my hand.

"Suddenly she opened her eyes and asked, 'Doctor, have I always lived here?' At first the doctor was perplexed. Then asked eagerly, 'No; can you remember your former life? Before I knew you?' Mother seemed bewildered.

" 'All day I have been trying to remember. I seem to remember my husband and boy. Where is my husband? Why is he not here?' "

Here the young man's story was interrupted by the low cry of his father, "Oh Milly, Milly!"

Tears were in the boy's eyes when he began again. "The doctor told her he did not know, and then began to question her. She did not reply for some time, then she said: 'I remember this much. Ted and I had just moved to a strange town. I can't remember its name. Our boy was then about a year old. Ted was ordered to take his company to a distant city, and I stayed

at the hotel. I did not know anyone and was very lonesome. One day, about three weeks after Ted had gone, I started to take a walk. I can't remember much more, except I seemed to see lots of trees. I think I must have sat down to rest and gone to sleep. Oh! I wish I could remember!' and the tears were streaming down her face. The doctor put his hand upon her wrist, waited a minute, then said: 'I think maybe I can tell you the rest. I believe you are right in saying you fell asleep. You must have been worrying about something. When you rested upon the damp ground the contact of the dampness upon the heated and overtaxed brain caused a mental apathy. I cannot exactly explain for it is not well understood. But this apathy did not injure your other faculties in the least. You simply did not remember anything in the past.

" 'I do not know how long you wandered about after you awoke, but you finally came to the cabin of a tobacco grower, who lived at the edge of the forest. The man told me his wife started to the barn and saw you sitting on the door step. She took you in and cared for you three days. You told them your name was Jameson and that you were going to Jamestown. You did not seem in any hurry to leave. All you wanted to do was to care for the baby boy you carried in your arms. They noticed you acted rather queerly and seemed to know nothing about yourself. They talked the matter over and decided to bring you to me. Accordingly, he asked you if you did not want to ride to Jamestown, as he was going there on business. You consented, and the next day he arrived at my office. He explained the circumstances to me and asked my advice.

" 'At that time my sister, an invalid, was living with me, and in order that I might have you near me, I proposed that you stay as a companion for her and act as housekeeper. You readily consented, and from that time on you and my sister were fast friends. Do you not remember my sister? Do you not know approximately how many years you have lived here?' Mother put her hand to her head and tried to remember, but could not. Then she asked him to continue.

" 'You stayed until my sister died. That was eight years ago. After a great deal of trouble I persuaded you to remain in the capacity of housekeeper for me. Your boy seemed as my own son, and I loved him as such. When he was old enough we sent him to West Point to school. That seemed to be your one desire. He has been there three years, and you are going to get well and live to see him graduate,' and he tried to cheer her, but she was heart-broken at the thought of her husband's grief."

"Oh, Milly, darling! Did you really dream of my grief all these years?" The boy continued:

"I sat with her all that night, trying to comfort her. About 2 o'clock she told me to get a little box from the dresser drawer. She opened it and took that little locket from it. Then pulling me down by the side of the bed, she put the locket in my hand. 'Darling,——inside the locket is a picture of your father. I want you——to devote your life in finding him. Tell——him that I——was always true and loved him.' I begged her to stop talking that way, that it broke my heart, but she smiled at me and said, 'Darling——mother can't stay——with you always. You know——know——mother loves her boy——don't——you, dear? Find——Ted——tell him——I always loved him——not to blame——her——to forgive. I am——so——sleepy——boy, good night——darling.' She closed her eyes and a beautiful smile played on her lips. I watched her gently breathing then bowed my head upon the pillow. Presently an awful quiet seemed to fill the room and I raised my head. My hand acci-

dently touched mother's. A damp, cold dew was on it. She was not breathing. I could not believe it. I called to her——I kissed her——but ah, mother you did not answer! Oh, mother, darling!" and the boy's wail rang through the still, quiet camp.

At sight of his boy's grief the general controlled his own and tried to comfort him. The boy put his arms about his father's neck. "Oh, father! Why did you not search for her?" The strong man raised his head and his face was ashen.

"I thought that if she loved another man better than I, that I would not mar her happiness by following her."

"No! no! no! father! Not another man!"

"Yes. When I returned from camp, I was told my wife had been running around with a young, handsome devil of the town. My wife and child were gone. The fellow was gone. What else could I think? Can you ever forgive me, darling wife?" But presently he remembered his duties as a general, and cried, "Oh, God! is my happiness to be taken away from me so soon? Is it true that my boy is a spy and must be shot like a dog?" A clear, confident voice replied, "Father, I am not a spy."

"Why did you not explain in the court this morning?"

"And tell my mother's sad story before all those cold, hard-hearted men? No, indeed."

"But, how came you in those clothes?"

"About a week ago I saw your picture in Harper's magazine. The likeness to the face in the locket was remarkable. I remembered mother's last words. I immediately started to you. On the way I was stripped of my uniform by a deserter, I suppose. I knew I would not be allowed in camp in these clothes. I planned to wait in the woods and rob the sentry of his uniform. My plan failed, as you know. Do you believe me, father?"

"I do, my boy. Forgive me. I was so struck by the resemblance this morning that for a moment I hoped. But then my pride conquered. I was ashamed to own my wife deserted me and my boy a spy. Boy, my pride always did get the best of me." Turning to the captain, who had withdrawn to a respectful distance, he said, with a smile, "Captain Macy, I will grant you that extension of time. Congratulate me," which the captain readily did.

EDNA JACKSON, '14.

JIM BANK'S REVENGE.

Jim Banks looked out of the window and sighed. Oh! how he longed to be sitting on the bridge over there, dangling his feet in the cool water, and idly watching his float to see if he had a bite. He felt all out of sorts, and wished he could then lick the fellow whom he had just seen throw a note to his best girl. He had seen the tiny bit of yellow paper flit past the window.

"I'll git ye arter school," he whispered, between clenched teeth.

"No, ye won't, neither, Wild Cat."

Now, Wild Cat had always been his nickname since he was a little chap, on account of his fiery temper, which some people attributed to his red hair. Again he looked out of the window and saw a bright, yellow butterfly flit past. He jumped and—

"Jim, will you please settle down and study your lesson?" came in front at the teacher's desk.

Suppressed giggles came from behind, and he looked around. It was more than he could stand. He clenched his fists.

"Say, Suse Carlton, I'll lick your brother at noon fer that. Now, see if I don't!"

"Well, I don't doubt that a bit. Never saw anybody yet you didn't try to lick," retorted Susan.

Jim was out of sorts all the rest of the day. At noon, however, he paid his respects to Carl Carlton with a good, sound whipping, a thing, however, that Carl had needed for some time.

After dinner Jim walked up to Grace Jones, his best girl, then seated in a swing, and said, "Say, Grace, if you're tired of me, I gist wisht you'd say so, nen I won't have to lick yer other friend."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Grace with a toss of her pigtails. "Guess you ain't the whole cheese."

"All 'smatter with you is just that you think you're a regular gentleman killer," answered Jim, as he walked away to find Jack, his rival, and administer the necessary punishment.

The afternoon went slowly with Jim. It was all arranged, however; he and Jack were to have a duel down by the creek after school. He felt that he had no friends, and—all he wanted was revenge anyway—so what's the difference.

After school was over they walked slowly down by the creek. Each boy was pulling off his coat and rolling up his sleeves as he walked along.

"It ain't so much the girl," Jim was saying, "as the idea of sneakedness, what you were doin'."

"I wasn't sneakin' nuther, an' don't you say I wuz," retorted Jack.

At last they reached a spot secluded from the road by a hedge, and decided to fight here. They grappled each other, rolled, tumbled and fought until it was almost dark. Jim, however, after every round, for they did have some system about their fighting, had the advantage. At last they quit and Jim trotted off home victor, none the worse except for a black eye. He lay awake nearly all night that night, thinking the matter over. By morning he had all of his plans made out. He was never again to speak to Grace, but was to pay all of his attention to Ellen Marks. Every time he saw Grace looking at him the next day, he would throw a note at Ellen. It was very amusing, indeed, for him, to watch Grace's little pug nose fly up in the air and to see her toss her little pigtails about.

About three weeks later Jim was walking up the street. Grace was in front of him and, whether by accident or not, Jim could never determine, dropped a note. Jim slyly picked it up and turned up the next street to read it. He tore it in his haste to open it, and after putting the pieces together, this is what he found:

"Dear Grace:—There is to be a recital at our church next Saturday afternoon, an' I want you to go with me. Jack.

"P. S. You can ride on the back of my tricycle. We'll show Jim a few things."

Jim hastily put the note in his pocket and started on home. Suddenly his face lit up, and he started off as fast as he could to Bub Jinks'. Calling Bub out upon the back porch, he had quite a lengthy talk with him. They held their heads closely together, and as Jim started off he said, "Stick to yer contract, Bub. I'll be over tomorrow night after 'im."

"Yep, you do the same," answered Bub.

Jim didn't go home, but went directly to "Evening Sentinel" office. He entered and addressed the manager thus, "Mr. Teel, kin I git a job passin' papers?"

"Well, sonny, I'm so glad you came. Herv was just in and said he couldn't pass any more papers. Wait just a minute and I'll get you started."

Jim almost shouted aloud. His plan was working to perfection. The manager then reappeared and gave him his papers

and a book telling him where to leave them. All along his route he whistled and kept saying to himself, "This is Tuesday. Can I do it?"

The following day Jim was certainly busy. He dug his mother's flowers up for her and put them in pots, for which he received a quarter; took the neighbor's horse down to the blacksmith shop and received a dime. He was always doing something to make money. He received his dollar and a half for passing his papers Friday evening. It seemed an enormous sum to him, but it was not near enough for completing his plans. That night he borrowed some money from his father. Between times he was also busy in the woodshed, and when he came in to bed that night his mother said, "Why, Jimmie, what's the matter with your face?"

He looked in the glass. There was a long streak of red paint on his pace. He hastily washed it off as best he could and went to bed, for fear his mother might ask him some more questions. The next day was Saturday, and Jim was up bright and early. He worked all day long and when evening came told his mother all about his going to the recital, and his plans to take Ellen. At 2 o'clock all was ready. He went dashing up the street in a bright, new red wagon, to which was hitched a Billie goat. He stopped for Ellen and she clambered into the back seat. They went dashing up Main street, Ellen with hair flying, was trying to hold her hat on with one hand and on to the wagon with the other. There were very seldom more than two wheels on the ground at one time. Jim was triumphant, and as they passed Jack and Grace, who were toiling up the hill, Jim turned and shouted, "The latest modes of travel is some punk, ain't they Ell?"

BEATRICE BECKNER, '14.

DID IT GET HER INTO TROUBLE?

"Evelen, do wake up! I have been talking to you for the last half hour, and you haven't heard a word. Just now I asked you if you wanted me to go home, and you said, 'Yes.'"

"Alice, do forgive me! Really, I did mean to listen, but you know I always did like to dream, and of late the habit has been growing. You know George just loves to talk about his chemistry, and since I have known him he has been dealing out that dope to me. When he begins, I fix myself comfortably for listening, and then promptly leave him to his talk of compounds, while I drift into the land of dreams. I go on in imaginary shopping expedition, where I don't have to look in more than a dozen shops for one article. For the most part he doesn't expect me to talk. However, by the slight inflection of his voice at a momentary pause, I know he has asked me something, and answer yes or no. If, perchance, I answer yes at the wrong place he thinks he has gone a little deep for me, and dives into an hour's explanation. Then, at this pause, I say no. By that time it is late and he takes his leave, assuring me that he has had a pleasant chat."

"My dear, you can't be blamed in that case. But we girls talk of things that ought to interest you. Let me tell you, you have formed a habit which will get you into no end of trouble unless you break yourself of it."

"Ch, Alice! If you start preaching I won't listen. I am sure it will never get me into trouble."

"All right. But I bet that within a month you will be so embarrassed because of it that you will wish you had listened to me. But I must be going now. I'll come again when you can be more entertaining."

Three weeks later Alice, coming again to call on Evelen, rushed breathlessly into the room. "Well, of all things, Evelen Gleen! Why in the world didn't you tell your best friend about it?"

Evelen's dreamy eyes rested on her friend's face as she listlessly said, "Alice, will you kindly explain what you are talking about?"

"Well, of all things! You don't act like you were a bit excited. I am sure I would be if I were in your shoes. You needn't look so amazed; I know all about it, even if you didn't think enough of our friendship to trust me with your secret. Since it has become public, you will talk to me about it won't you?"

"Alice, I never knew before that you could be so aggravating! Why don't you explain yourself?"

"Evelen, you are the one that is aggravating! How can you tease so, when you must be so happy? Jack told me all about it. George is simply overflowing with happiness."

"May I ask what George is so happy about?"

"Evelen if you don't settle down, I am going to shake you!"

"But you didn't answer my question."

"You little goose; happy because you are to be his pretty little wife, of course."

"Be his wife!" exclaimed Evelen in amazement. "Who said so?"

"Oh, George told Jack all about it."

"Alice, please explain just what you mean."

"All right, my little Miss Innocence. George said that evening before last as he sat talking to you, it occurred to him that he would like to have you to talk to always, so he asked you to be his wife."

"Alice! You must enjoy telling imaginary stories. He did nothing of the kind.

"As I was saying," said Alice with a twinkle in her eyes, "George asked if you would be his wife. You set his heart bounding with joy by immediately answering, 'yes.' He promptly kissed you. You sprang up and demanded to know if he were a gentleman. He assured you to your satisfaction that he was, and presently left, thinking he was the happiest man living. And now I am waiting for my invitation. When is it going to be?"

"Alice, are you telling me the truth?" asked Evelen very solemnly.

"Honest Injun! Why do you ask?"

"I know you are laughing at me, but really I didn't know that George asked me that. I was thinking of what dress to wear to your party next week, when he suddenly kissed me. I was shocked and angry, but he begged off so beautifully, that I had to forgive him. Alice, if you don't stop laughing, I am going to my room and lock the door."

"Oh, Evelen! How funny! Didn't I tell you that your habit of not listening would get you into an embarrassing position?"

"But, Alice, it didn't," said Evelen with a note of happiness in her voice. "You see, it wasn't nearly so embarrassing as if I had heard what he said. And it didn't get me into any trouble either, for I do love George, and I am going to begin studying chemistry right away, so I really can talk to him intelligently."

MABEL TOLES, '13.

"LOUIS GETS FUNNY."

"Whatever became of old Sim Jones?" asked a man who had just returned to his old home town, after a lapse of many years.

"See that building on the hill over yonder?" asked the old settler of the town.

"You don't mean to say that is the home of Sim Jones?"

"Yep, you will find him right there if you was to go and ask for him. You see old Sim got to inventing things. He first invented a shoe brush, which worked by turning a crank, and would have made a fortune out of it, if he had fixed the brush so it would tilt, but you see it was stationary and would only brush the top part of his boots.

"Then he next invented a dishwashing machine, and say, the people were excited about it. A man came here with lots of money to push it right through."

"And Sim was too smart to let him cheat him out of all the profits, eh? How much do you suppose he is worth?"

"Worth? Ain't worth a cent."

"But I thought you said he lived in that fine place upon the hill."

"Well, I did, but you see that is our new poorhouse."

LOUIS MOREHEAD, '13.

RILEY DAY.

October 7th was one of the most pleasant holidays ever enjoyed, not only by the pupils of the Greenfield schools, but also by the people of the city and vicinity. The occasion was in honor of the birthday of our much-loved poet, James Whitcomb Riley, it being the first real celebration that his birth town has ever given him, and every effort was put forth on the part of all to make it a success.

At 8:30 A. M. the members of the High School and Departmental had a short program in the High School assembly room. This consisted of Riley songs and readings, given by several of the pupils, a talk by Mrs. Poulson on "The Poet's Boyhood," and one by Miss Sample on "What Made Riley Famous." The School Board furnished each pupil with a flag and Riley Day badge, and Mr. Forest kindly furnished them with flowers.

At 10 o'clock a long procession of the pupils was formed, which marched west on Main to Broadway to greet Riley. As he came the ranks were parted and his machine was driven between them, while flowers were showered at the poet from either side.

The band and procession followed Riley to the court house, where a very large crowd was gathered. Here a program was given, consisting of speeches, made by Messrs. George Carr, John Mitchell, Sr., William A. Hough, William R. Hough, Henry Snow and Ora Myers. Most of these men were boyhood friends of Riley, and they told many interesting things concerning his youth and the happy hours which they had spent with him at the "Old Swimmin' Hole."

Superintendent Larrabee then introduced George Walton, a grandson of one of Riley's schoolmates, who presented the poet with a silver loving cup, bearing the following inscription:

"TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY,
From the Children of the Public Schools—Greenfield, Indiana,
City of His Birth—October 7, 1912."

Mr. Riley was not even able to stand in the machine to acknowledge the gift, but he was deeply touched and with emotion accepted it in these words: "I thank you. Sometimes I think that I ought to apologize to the people of Greenfield in that I may not seem to appreciate all they do for me. Not being able to arise, I shall only say, that I cannot tell you how my heart is touched. It is a great thing, and if later we can claim the reward we all hope for, heaven will indeed have to surpass itself to find more than I have here. I thank you."

Having given nine "Rahs" for Riley, the crowd dispersed.

Considering the ill condition of Mr. Riley's health, it was very fortunate that we could have him with us upon that day, and the celebration can never be forgotten.

URITH C. DAILEY, '13.

Miss S. (in English)—Why do they talk Latin to ghosts?
Urith D.—Because it's a dead language.

✠ ✠

Miss Engibous—What are the prime colors?
Frank Stewart—Red, White and Blue.

✠ ✠

Todd—Well, you all did fine today, with the exception of those that didn't do fine.

✠ ✠

What did Asa Good-win?

✠ ✠

Letty P. (in Chemistry)—Nitrogen has neither odor, taste nor smell.

✠ ✠

Laura R.—Oh, Bob, come back close to me (so I can put my feet on your chair).

J. W. K.—Why did Henry turn Protestant?
M. Gorman—To have more supporters.

✠ ✠

Miss S. (in Chaucer class)—If you read "Chaucer" a good deal, it is hard for you to talk straight.

Bob M.—According to that, if you read "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," it is hard for you to walk straight.

✠ ✠

Bob M.—Specific gravity is—is—, Oh, I forget the last of that!

✠ ✠

If the matrimony fever again strikes our school will Mary Sample?

✠ ✠

Mr. Moore (in Chemistry)—Louise, what is the significance of H?

Louise T.—Do you mean what is stands for?

ELECTION DAY.

Such an important event as the election could not pass the Greenfield High School unnoticed, so upon the afternoon of November 5th, a school election was held. Small ballots were printed for the occasion, upon which were the names of the five candidates for President and the five for Governor. An election board was appointed, consisting of Louis Morehead, inspector; Richard Morgan and Ralph Bruner, judges; Sheldon Cooper and Russell Stuart, clerks, and Miner Pugh and Nelson Black, marshals.

The secret ballot system was used, and the poles were open from 2:30 until 3:15. During this time some campaign speeches were made. While Joe Walker, with his few followers, was making a speech for Taft, and Floyd Mannon was trying to drum up a crowd for Eugene Debs, Eddie Andis was found in the rear of the room, making a Prohibition speech, strongly emphasizing the evils of the liquor traffic.

But this was not all. Down the middle aisle came a procession of girls, headed by Laura Reed and Kate Curry, who carried a large banner bearing the words, "Votes for Women." At the end of this procession, which marched around the room several times, came Louise Thayer, loudly blowing a little tin horn.

A large crowd was gathered around Ermil Haydock, who was explaining with great force the Progressive platform. On the opposite side of the room Boyd Halsall and Katie Teel led an army for Wilson.

At 3:15 someone gave a scream, and a tall figure was seen dashing through the hall to the poles. But, sad to say, all of this confusion and rush were in vain—the poler were closed. And who should this have been but Letty, who had become interested in telling fortunes, and had forgotten that the time for voting was drawing to a close. What a good "suffragette"!

The votes were counted during the fourth period, and at 4 o'clock the Democratic candidates were announced victorious. The Progressives came second. "Hurrah for Wilson! They didn't need my vote, anyway," cried Letty.

NOTES ON ELECTION.

Several good speech makers were discovered.

✠ ✠

Mr. Moore occupied a prominent place in the suffrage parade.

✠ ✠

Previous to the election, Eddie Andis, assisted by Paul Welchel, started a paper for local option, hoping to gain Prohibition votes.

✠ ✠

Boyd Halsall made reports of his campaign activities in Garden City.

URITH C. DAILEY.

J. W. K.—You may explain the writ of habeas corpus, Ruth.

(Aside)—You know it takes a lawyer, and she is the next thing to one.

R. Stuart—I only wish she was closer to one.

Moore—Lowell, since you can't control yourself, you may sit over here.

Lowell (composedly)—This is the seat I ought to have anyway.

I

James George Judkins was a little nigger boy.
When very tiny he was known as mammy's joy.
But alas!
It came to pass,
His life was not all sunshine *sans* alloy.

II

For when that naughty Judkins boy was growed up big
He found a water melon that would tempt mos' any "nig",
A lyin' there,
So ripe and fair,
'Twas a sight to cause the downfall of this "water melon pig."

III

So he stole that water melon, an' he ate, an' ate, an' ate,
Nor thought that he was courtin' a deservin' sinner's fate.
But that night,
A fearful sight
Were the dreams that raged and tumbled in his black and woolly pate.

IV

Nor is the story ended here, the worst remains to tell,
He roused the sleeping family with sob and screech and yell.
They came at speed,
But said his greed,
Had brought about a punishment no pity could dispel.

V

CONCLUSION.

His people laid
Him 'neath the shade
Of a dismal cypress tree,
And on his stone,
These words alone,
He left to his posteri-tee:
"Now farewell take
Of Jimmy George,
Who says, 'Don't gorge,
Or you'll die of the water melon ache.' "

ATHLETICS

1913

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

This year there have been no athletic activities whatever. For the first season in years Greenfield High School did not have a football team. However, now that Dr. Athletic Association, M. D., has arrived, the probabilities are that this will also be the last season with this record.

The Athletic Association was organized in March, 1913, and officers were elected as follows:

Faculty Manager .....Sylvester Moore
Student Manager .....Louis Morehead
President .....Ralph Bruner
Captain Baseball Team .....Donald Hilt
Secretary and Treasurer .....Lowell Smart

The plan to raise money for this organization is to give High School and home talent entertainments. They hope with this money to rent the vacant lot back of the library for tennis courts for the use of members of the Association.

Plans are now on foot for baseball this spring, football and basketball next year, and more general athletic activities.

THE RED ROSE OF JOY.

A Fantasy.

The Prophecy of the Class of 1913 of the Greenfield High School.

CHARACTERS.

A Boy .....Adam
A Girl .....Zoe
A Fairy .....Isabella
Adam and Zoe's Father .....Daddy

Time of action—1925.
Place—Anywhere and everywhere.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

The interior of a small cottage, late in the evening. At the back of the cottage are two windows with closed shutters. On the left is the front door, with a big latch to it; on the right is a medium sized fire-place, before which Zoe is seated on a small wooden bench. Adam is lying before her, watching her attentively.

Adam—What are you thinking about, Zoe?

Zoe—Oh! I'm so lonely since mamma went away to heaven.

Adam—Why, we have daddy!

Zoe—Yes, I know we do—but he—he's 'way so much of the time. Oh! brother, do you suppose we'll ever see her again?

Adam—Why of course we will, dear.

Zoe—I'm afraid. See, brother, it's getting dark. My! I wish daddy would come.

Adam (*trying to comfort her*)—He'll be here presently, so don't be afraid; nothing will hurt us here.

(*A knock is heard at door of the cottage.*)

Zoe (*frightened*)—What's that?

Adam (*also frightened, but trying to be brave*)—Oh! It's only daddy.

(*Both start half fearfully toward the door, but before they reach it, the big latch is seen to rise of itself, with a grating noise, and the door half opens to admit a little old woman, dressed in red and wearing a green hood. She is humpbacked, lame and near-sighted, her nose is crooked and she walks bent on a stick. She is obviously a fairy.*)

The Fairy Isabella—I am the fairy Isabella, and have you here the Red Rose with the white center that brings joy and happiness to its possessor?

Zoe—We've got some red flowers out in the yard.

Fairy Isabella—No! No! I saw those as I came in.

Adam—Well, those are the only flowers we have.

Fairy Isabella—I don't want any of them. None of them are red enough, so you will have to go and find me the one I want.

Adam—But I don't know where the one you want is.

Fairy Isabella—No more do I. That's why you must look for it. I must have the Rose, it's for my little girl, who is very ill.

Zoe—Have you a little girl?

Fairy Isabella—Yes, indeed.

Zoe—And is she very sick?

Fairy Isabella—To be sure. I just said she was.

Zoe—Has she the measles, or the chicken pox, or ——?

Fairy Isabella (*growing angry*)—Nonsense! Of course not! She wants to be happy. So you children will have to start at once in search for the Rose, for that alone will fulfill her desire.

Zoe—You'll go with us, won't you?

Fairy Isabella—No, I can't. I put on the soup a while ago, and it always boils over if I leave it more than an hour. (*Pointing successively to the ceiling, the chimney and the window.*)

Adam (*pointing timidly towards the door*)—I—I would rather go out that way. Wouldn't you, Zoe?

Fairy Isabella (*again growing suddenly angry*)—Plague take these mortals! It's a shocking habit to go out by way of doors. (*After a slight pause*)—My, I almost forgot! See, here are two little green hats.

Zoe—Oh, what dear little green hats! And what is that shining in the side of each one?

Fairy Isabella—Those, children, are the diamonds that make people see.

Adam—Why! I can see, yet I have no diamond.

Fairy Isabella (*crossly*)—No, indeed, you can't see. All mortals are blind to the soul of things. Now listen. When you put the hat on your head, you become visible or invisible, whichever way you wish to be, and then if you turn the diamond a little you will behold the future, and then another little turn and you will behold the present again, and still another turn and you will behold the past. Here, take them, they are all I have to help you in your search for the Red Rose with the white center that brings joy and happiness.

Zoe—But what will daddy say when we tell him we are going away?

Fairy Isabella—Never mind. He need not know it, for I will fix it so that when he comes, he will think that you have gone to bed, and, if he looks, you will appear to him to be sound asleep.

Adam (*suddenly*)—Listen! I hear footsteps on the walk. Daddy is coming, we must hurry.

Fairy Isabella—Quick then, let us waste no time.

(*A hole appears in the roof and all three rise swiftly and pass through it, after which the roof regains its former shape. The door opens and daddy enters.*)

Daddy—Hello, Adam! Hello, Zoe! What! Why, I wonder where the children are? Oh! I suppose they must have gone to bed for it is rather late for them. (*He goes to the bed and looks.*) Yes, there they are, fast asleep—fast asleep.

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

THE LAND OF THE FUTURE.

Scene 1.

The business district of a large city in the "Land of the Future." Everything is diffused with a brilliant reddish glow. Crowds of people throng the streets, among whom Adam and Zoe appear. They are wearing their magic hats, the diamonds of which are slightly turned as the Fairy has directed.

Zoe—Adam! This is the "Land of the Future," isn't it?"

Adam—Yes, sister, and I hope we will find the Red Rose of joy and happiness here, don't you?

Zoe—Yes. And we surely will, too, for everything is so red.

Adam—Look, sister! Here comes a man who seems as if he were happy. Let's ask him if he has the Rose.

Zoe—My! He's so big and looks so pleased with himself. I know he must have it.

(*They approach him.*)

Adam—Say, mister! Do you have the Red Rose with the white center?

The Man (*Charles Arnold*)—Why, little boy, what do you mean? I don't understand you, so will you please be so kind as to give me a synonym—that is—

Adam—Why, sir, I don't know anything about a synonym, as you call it, but we want to know if you have a Rose—a Red Rose with a white center that brings its possessor joy and happiness?

The Man (*C. A.*)—Why, boy! Do you think I have time to bother about a Rose? I have something more to do than to be looking for a flower. My! my! here I am so busy I hardly know what to do. Why, I am a tutor. I am tutoring Mr. Earl Beckner in mathematics, so that he will be able to take the chair of mathematics in Yale next, and also Mr. J. Russell Comstock in history, so as to freshen him up in order that he may finish his "History of the World." Tut! tut! children, do not bother me.

Zoe—Come on, brother, I know he hasn't the Rose.

(*They walk on, Zoe half afraid of the strange crowd, trying hard to keep up with her brother.*)

Adam (*suddenly*)—Oh, look, Zoe!

Zoe—What is it? I don't see anything.

Adam—See, right straight ahead! See on that door it says, "Rose Beauty Parlors."

Zoe—My! I know the Rose surely will be in there.

(*They enter the door and find themselves in a small, but well furnished, room. Finding no one present they are about to enter the next room when the following conversation is heard.*)

Woman's Voice (*Herma Bohm*)—Oh! Malcolm! I do wish you would quit your foolishness! You know I can't fit this dress while you're cutting up so.

Another voice, presumably a man's (*Malcolm Hancock*)—What do I care?

First Voice (*H. B.*)—Well, you had better care. You don't seem to realize that I make all the money that is made in this firm.

Second Voice (*M. H.*)—Well, it don't make any difference if I don't make any, I earn enough standing up here as a model for you to make dresses by. I don't see why we ever went into partnership together anyway.

First Voice (*H. B.*)—Well, you see, Malcolm, you are such a *model* young man.

Zoe (*half fearfully*)—Oh, brother, let's go. I don't see any Roses here.

(*As they are hurriedly leaving Zoe runs into a man and almost falls.*)

The Man (*Walter Newman—catching her*)—Excuse me, Miss, I didn't mean to run into you. Did I hurt you?

Zoe (*timidly*)—No—no, sir, I'm not hurt.

The Man (*W. N.*)—Well, I'm glad of that. I'll try to look where I'm going next time.

Adam—Sir! You seem to be a happy man, so do you have the Red Rose with the white center that brings joy and happiness to its possessor?

The Man (*W. N.*)—Well, children, I have a great many roses, but surely none of them is the one you want, for none of them seems to bring me any joy—or happiness either.

Zoe (*surprised*)—Why aren't you happy, sir?

The Man (*W. N.*)—I should say not! I have just written a play, "All the World Loves a Lover," and I engaged a young lady by the name of Teel—Miss Katy Teel—as my leading lady, but she can't interpret any of the love scenes to my satisfaction, at all.

Zoe—Why, that's too bad!

The Man (*W. N.*)—Too bad! I should say it is too bad. I don't know what I'll do.

(*He hurries on.*)

Zoe—Brother, I don't know where to go next, do you?

Adam—Never mind, Zoe, we'll find the Rose in a little while.

(Curtain.)

Scene 2.

The residence part of the city. Adam and Zoe are seen before one of the largest of the houses, at the side of which is a bunch of roses.

Adam—Oh! look at those pretty roses. We surely will find the Rose the Fairy wanted among them.

Zoe—Let's go find the owner. Maybe he will let us have it, if it is there.

(*They run around the house to the back porch, where they are greeted by a man with a large apron tied about his waist. He has evidently just been washing the dishes, for he has a plate in one hand.*)

The Man (*Nelson Black*)—Well, children, what is it?

Zoe (*pointing to the bush*)—Oh, mister, is one of those roses the Red Rose that makes its owner joyful and happy?

The Man (*N. B.*)—Why, children, I own those roses, and do I look as if I was very happy?

Adam—I don't know, sir.

The Man (*N. B.*)—Well, children, I'm not very happy, for Francis—that's my wife—is a suffragette, and she goes to all the meetings and leaves me here to take care of all the work.

Zoe (*who had gone over to the bush and was examining the roses*)—Why, brother, these roses don't have white centers!

Adam (*after running to the bush and examining the roses for himself*)—I'm sorry, mister, but none of these roses are the right kind.

(*The children leave.*)

The Man (*N. B.*)—I thought so. I thought the Rose was not among those, for I know that none of those roses brings me any joy or happiness. Now to my dish washing, for in a short time dinner is to get.

(Curtain.)

Scene 3.

Still another section of the city. Adam and Zoe are seen entering a gate leading up to a large building, obviously a school of some sort, the door of which is open. The children go up the walk and are about to enter when Adam suddenly stops.

Adam—Listen! (*a woman's voice is heard inside.*)

Adam (*in a low voice*)—We don't want her to see or hear us, do we, sister?

Zoe (*in a whisper*)—No, indeed!

The Woman Inside (*Elizabeth McCole*)—I don't know what I'm going to do about my school for spinsters. It's going to the bad if I am not careful. All the ladies are getting dissatisfied. Now, there's Miss Letty B. Pratt; she wants to get

married and she flirts incessantly with Mr. Louis Morehead, the janitor, but he doesn't pay any attention to her, for he is in love with Miss Lillian Moran, the music professor, and then there's Mr. Lowell Smart and Miss Mabel Stanley, the art professors, going to be married next week. If they leave I know it will break up the school. It just seems as if everything happens to make me unhappy.

Zoe—Poor lady! Brother, its seems as if no one were happy in this whole city. Let's go to some other city, will you?

Adam—Yes, and let's hurry, too.

(Curtain.)

Scene 4.

The private office of the wife of the President of the U. S. The President's wife, Mrs. Issy A. Shimko (Louise Thayer), and her social secretary, Miss Ione Fisher, are seated at their desks. Adam and Zoe enter the open door, but are invisible to the President's wife and her social secretary, because of their magic hats.

The President's wife, Miss Issy A. Shimko (Louise Thayer) Now, remember, Miss Fisher, be sure that no one is invited to the next ball who is larger than I. I was extremely mortified at my last ball because I was smaller than anyone else, and I am determined that it shall never happen again.

The Secretary (Ione Fisher)—All right, Mrs. Shimko, I will see to it.

Adam (whispering)—Sister, this is no place for us. Let's turn our diamonds.

(Curtain.)

ACT III.

THE LAND OF THE PRESENT.

Scene 1.

The parlor of the home of Miss Mary Wilson, who is entertaining a few of her friends. Those present are Miss Wilson, Miss Jeanette Kight, Miss Josephine McGuire and Miss Rhea Kinder. Adam and Zoe appear, but are invisible to Miss Wilson and her guests.

Miss Jeanette Kight—I tell you, ladies, it's a pretty serious thing to have so many persistent suitors and to have to decide upon one of them.

Miss Wilson—But, my dear Miss Kight, you don't have to decide on any certain one, do you?

Miss Kight—Yes. That's the trouble. I have to marry one of them, for—well, you see, I want to go to Germany and I—I can't go unless I'm married.

Miss Kinder—But isn't there one whom you think you would rather accept?

Miss Kight—Well, there's Mr. Richard Morgan, the singing evangelist. You all know him, do you not?

(*All nod their heads.*)

Miss McGuire—Mr. Morgan is singing for the Rev. Urith Dailey now, isn't he?

Miss Wilson—Yes. You see, Miss Dailey studied theology at Danville Normal, and she and Mr. Morgan have been conducting meetings together ever since her graduation from there.

Miss Kinder—But, Jeanette, what were you going to say about Mr. Morgan?

Miss Kight—Nothing—only that he has been the most persistent of all my suitors. He is continually sending me flowers and candy, and the like, but I—I don't love him. I don't want to marry him, but, you see, I am almost afraid not to accept him, for his heart always was weak and I am afraid I will break it if I refuse him.

Miss Kinder—I wouldn't worry about that. I would just go ahead and break all the hearts that I could.

Miss McGuire—Speaking of breaking hearts, I'll bet you that I have broken more hearts than anyone here.

Miss Kinder—Oh, no, you haven't, Miss McGuire. I know I have broken more hearts than you have. Why, it's surprising how many hearts I have broken. Let's see (*she begins counting on her fingers*), bother—I can't count them all. Anyway, it's more than the number of my fingers and toes.

Zoe (*whispering*)—Brother, I'm afraid. Let's don't stay here any longer. They might break our hearts and then we couldn't know the Rose when we found it.

(Curtain.)

Scene 2.

Street in the business district of the same town shown in Scene 1. Adam and Zoe are standing before a tall building.

Zoe (*suddenly*)—Adam, look right there!

Adam—What? Where?

(*Reading*) "Do you want Happiness? Do you want Joy? If so, apply within."

Adam (*enthusiastically*)—At last! At last! We've found it! Won't the Fairy be glad? Let's go in and ask them to give it to us for a little while.

(*They enter.*)

(Curtain.)

Scene 3.

A room within the building. The children enter with expectant faces and stand near the door. A young lady is seated at a desk talking to two other ladies.

The Young Lady at Desk (*Ruth Hilt*)—So! Miss Floyd and Miss Toles, you want to be married, do you?

Miss Floyd and Miss Toles—We certainly do.

The Lady (*R. H.*)—Well, ladies, I have here a letter that I just received from a man by the name of Smart—Mr. Lowell Smart—saying that he would like to become acquainted with some nice lady that would make him a good wife.

Miss Floyd—I have heard of Mr. Smart, and he will be entirely acceptable to me.

Miss Toles—And me, too. I want him.

The Lady (*R. H.*)—But you understand that the man can't marry both of you, don't you? Polygamy is not permitted in this State.

Miss Floyd (*quickly*)—I spoke for him first, and, therefore, he belongs to me.

Miss Toles (*indignantly*)—Now ,that don't make any difference, I spoke for him, too. This matrimonial agency is conducted on business lines, and I insist that an itemized account of our height, weight, complexion, accomplishments and charms be sent to him, and he be allowed to choose, so each of us may stand an equal chance.

Zoe—Adam, let's go. I'm so disappointed since I've learned

to see the soul of things. I know there's no joy here. I'm getting tired of just hearing people fuss.

Adam—And so am I.

(Curtain.)

Scene 4.

The court room of the beautiful court house just across the street from the building in Scene 3. A trial is is progress. The room is almost filled. The judge is on the bench and one of the lawyers (a lady) is pleading before him. Adam and Zoe enter.

Adam (to stranger standing near)—What do they do in this room?

Stranger—This is the place where justice is delivered, my lad.

Adam (to Zoe)—That surely makes everybody happy then. Let's listen and see which one has the flower.

The Lawyer (Laura Reed)—Now, in closing, your Honor, it seems to me just an act of simple justice to give Mrs. Anna McKown Wilson a divorce, for when a man like Mr. Merrill Wilson tries to make his wife read the proof of all that he could write on the "History of Slavery," it to me no more than could be expected for her to object, and no more than right for her to be divorced from him. (*She sat down.*)

The Judge (W. Russell Stuart)—Ladies and gentlemen. After taking into consideration all the evidence that has been brought into this case, the court thinks that it is right and just for Mrs. Anna McKown Wilson to be divorced from Mr. Merrill Wilson, and, therefore, I declare her marriage null and void, and restore to the plaintiff her maiden name. Defendant will pay all costs.

(*At this decision some of the audience in the court room cheer, but some do not, and act as though they were angry. This seems to surprise the children.*)

Zoe—Don't they like it when he delivers justice after all? They seem displeased. They surely haven't the Rose.

Adam—Say, Zoe, it's no use to hunt any more. The Land of the Future was rosy with many red roses, but their centers were wrong, and the hearts of the people were joyless, too. This land of the present is sunny and bright, yet here we find no roses at all. There is no joy anywhere.

Zoe—Have you forgotten the Land of the Past? Turn the diamond the third time. Didn't daddy always say, "Third time's a charm?"

Adam—It's worth the effort, I suppose. Everybody turn!

(Curtain.)

ACT IV.

Scene 1.

The interior of the English room of the High School building of Greenfield, Indiana. A meeting of some sort is in progress, for the room is full of young people. One of them is seated at a desk and is obviously conducting the meeting.

The Young Man at the Desk (Robert Mulvihill)—So it is decided then that this shall be our class flower. (*Holds up a Red Rose.*)

A number cry, "Yes," and "Certainly." The door is suddenly opened and Adam and Zoe enter breathlessly. They stop suddenly, but upon seeing the man at the desk they advance towards him.

Adam—Pardon us, sir, but do you have the Red Rose with

the white center here that brings joy and happiness to its possessors?

The Young Man (*R. M.*)—Why, yes, we have a Red Rose here, but the center is— here!—wait a moment (*seizing a piece of chalk lying on the desk he thrusts it firmly down among the petals*), here's your Rose with the white center. Ever see a true Irishman without joy and happiness? Can't find the Class of 1913 lacking in anything. Can they, class?

(*A number cry, "No, indeed," "We're the bunch," "Move we adjourn," "Keep the good thing going."*)

Adam and Zoe (*to all*)—Oh, thank you ever and ever so much! We will take the Rose to the Fairy's little sick daughter, and if it does her as much good as it has done you, I am sure she will get well.

(Curtain.) W. Russell Stuart.

Lowell Smart, speaking of his first study in bugology, relates it in the following manner:

When Smarty was a little boy
A circus came to town,
And Lowell went at once to get
A paying job, as clown.

They told him that they had enough
Of clowns to start a raid.
Just one thing only could he do—
Lead a camel in the parade.

They gave to him a little suit,
So he would be a Turk,
And as he donned it he rejoiced
To have such easy work.

The Turkish cap was woolly red,
And Lowell thought, "How nice"!
Arriving home that night he found
Eight varieties of ——.

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER.

Monday, 9—School began. Program explained individually to Freshmen.

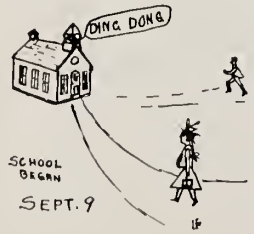
Tuesday, 10—Rev. Naftzger conducted opening exercises. "Tappy" visits school. "Tubby" Arnold came back.

Wednesday, 11—First football meeting. Ralph Bruner elected captain. Physics class of three dropped.

Thursday, 12—Permanent seats arranged. Mr. and Mrs. Keisling, of New York, conducted opening exercises.

Friday, 13—Senior class organized with same officers.

Monday, 16—Chemistry class begins Laboratory work. Paul Ogg and Rex Rafferty visit school. Bob Mulvihill occupies front seat. First football practice.



Tuesday, 17—Rev. Kerlin conducted opening exercises. Warren Mannon comes back.

Wednesday, 18—Melvin Mansfield says neither direct speech nor sarcasm can move him.

Thursday, 19—Freshmen girls cause commotion by falling down stairs. Letty Pratt doesn't want to work in the Laboratory for fear of getting her hands dirty.

Friday, 20—Mary Wilson wants to explain what "contours" means in Chaucer class. First test of the season sprung on Chemistry students.

Monday, 23—Moore says if he could control his tongue he would get along better. Marriage of old classmates, Eva Smith and Harold Bourne, announced.

Tuesday, 24—Lowell Smart thinks Laura Reed needs a permanent stool in front of the Assembly room desk, so as it will be more convenient for her to converse with Miss Sample.

Wednesday, 25—Malcolm Hancock canned from Chemistry laboratory.

Thursday, 26—Orchestra organized by Miss Williams. Miss Corcoran sends Thomas Green to Mr. Kendall.

Friday, 27—Miss Sample calls for playthings for Dick Morgan. Mr. Kendall asks that some of the Seniors add dignity to their names.

Monday, 30—Raymond King had the croup.

DROPPING, DROPPING: DROPPING, DROPPING
HERR THE PENNIES FALL.
EVERY ONE FOR RILEY
HE WILL GET THEM ALL

OCTOBER.

Tuesday, 1—Bob Mulvihill took a nap during second period and gets canned from Chemistry. Charles Arnold wants to occupy seat next to Josephine McGuire in Chemistry.

Wednesday, 2—Mr. Kendall announces that next week will be Riley week, and the schools will join in celebrating.

Thursday, 3—Miss Williams sang during opening exercises. Chemistry test.

Friday, 4—The loving cup was brought before the High School pupils. Everybody dropped their pennies in the little brown vase.

Monday, 7—Seniors were given English test. Received first report cards. Every loyal citizen should register today—last chance.

Tuesday, 8—Bob Mulvihill canned from Chemistry. Class marshals elected for Riley day procession.

Wednesday, 9—Celebrated Riley Day. Students given half holiday. Short program at High School.

Thursday, 10—Several students took a vacation and attended Morristown Horse Show. German Club organized.

Friday, 11—Mr. Kendall announces that unless all report cards are in by the close of school he will be forced to read the list of those still due.

Monday, 14—Mr. Kendall, "There are still a few report cards out."

Tuesday, 15—Junior class permitted to organize. No pins were bought, however.

Wednesday, 16—Moore has his mind on getting buggy after school, and forgets to dismiss Assembly charge at noon.

Thursday, 17—Bob Mulvihill brought a fruit sprayer to school to use in the study of bugology. German Club met at Lowell Smart's.

Friday, 18—Mr. Moore tries to set Laboratory on fire by the explosion of turpentine.

Monday, 21—Mr. Kendall explains fire drill for benefit of the Freshmen. So be careful, Freshies, that some big Senior don't trip you on your way downstairs.

Tuesday, 22—After discussing Mars, in English class, it was suggested that we shoot "Teddy" Roosevelt up there, but Sample objects and says send someone up there of whom we won't be ashamed.

Wednesday, 23—Overshoes, umbrellas, and rain coats prevailed in Greenfield High School today. "Tubby" Arnold attemps to help Marie Justice in Chemistry recitation.

Thursday, 24—Senior class meeting at noon to announce that Urith Dailey will entertain Seniors and Faculty at her home Friday evening.

Friday, 25—Robert Moore escorts Lena Hivinor home at noon. A little out of his way, isn't it?

Monday, 28—"Bub" Barr tries to assist Ione Fisher in Chemistry recitation and she makes a face at him.

Tuesday, 29—Raymond King canned from Algebra class for sticking "Whittie" Mannon with a pin.

Wednesday, 30—A mouse turned loose in Assembly Room caused a great deal of commotion, especially among the girls. Moore, with the aid of Sample, at last succeeded in killing it with the window stick.

Thursday, 31—Ermil Haydock and Dick Morgan have contracted to follow "Barnum & Bailey" next season.

NOVEMBER.

Friday, 1—John Handy and Ruth Hilt will attend Riley entertainment tonight. Bob Mulvihill took a nap and Miss Corcoran jarred him slightly (?) when she woke him.

Saturday, 2—Senior class held market in Davis room.

Monday, 4—Mr. Kendall announced that we would hold an election tomorrow afternoon during the last period. "Bub" Barr canned from Botany class.

Tuesday, 5—Election held and it went Democratic by a majority of ten. Letty Pratt did not get to vote, getting to polls after they were closed. Declares she will never be in favor of woman's suffrage, because she will always be too late to vote.

Wednesday, 6—Greenfield merchants have run out of shoes. Laura Reed and Urith Dailey are still in the Oxford line.

Thursday, 7—Mr. Kendall caught Rhea Kinder and Bob Mulvihill holding hands in west cloak room. Naughty! Naughty!

Friday, 8—Miss Sample gives demonstration of kind of order we have in English room.

Monday, 11—Bob Mulvihill learns how to make a "Z."

Tuesday, 12—Mabel Toles and Ed. Andis quarrel in Commercial class over a problem concerning express rates.

Wednesday, 13—Ermil Haydock fell through his seat in the Laboratory.

Thursday, 14—The double quartette conducted opening exercises this morning. We are extremely glad to have them, as things have been rather dull this year.

Friday, 15—Mr. Kendall's nephew visits school. High School Senate organized.

Monday, 18—Miss Taylor, a noted reader, conducted opening exercises, which was very much appreciated. Short meeting of the G. H. S. Senate.

Tuesday, 19—Mr. Larrabee talked during opening exercises. We think it was about the High School Senate.

Wednesday, 20—Was greatly disappointed because the opening exercises had to be postponed. Someone got hold of the piano and loosened the strings.

Thursday, 21—Senior class meeting. German Club held meeting in the home of John Burke. Latin Club met at the home of Miss Corcoran. It is rumored that Charles Arnold is appealing for "Justice."

Friday, 22—Rev. Osborn conducted opening exercises. A tack was found by Russell Stuart in his seat.

Monday, 25—Mr. Kendall announces that hereafter all persons found chewing gum in the class rooms will be canned. Guess he wants to preserve the gum.

Tuesday, 26—Moore kicks Lowell Smart on shins in Botany. Lois Ramsey and Dick Morgan collide in upper hall, which collision results in the downfall of both. Mr. Kendall extends Red Men's invitation to Thanksgiving dinner.

Wednesday, 27—School dismissed at 3:15 p. m. for two days' vacation.

December.

Monday, 2—John Wesley comes to school with his tie not tied. Russell Stuart's seat in Chemistry was moved just around the corner. Received report cards.

Tuesday, 3—Oak Harlan wore a leather-colored suit to class yesterday. Moore mistook him for a football, punted him out of Botany class, and this morning Mr. Kendall gives him a forward pass back to his seat. It is suggested that Oak wear a blue suit after this.

Wednesday, 4—Rev. Williamson conducts opening exercises. Gave origin of the alphabet. There surely must have been "somethin' doin'" last night from the looks of the tardy list.

Thursday, 5—Orchestra made first appearance this morning. Carol Hagans did not have to change her slides, but was rather short of breath. Short meeting of Senators at noon.

Friday, 6—Mr. Walsh was called to put in about three new boards in Assembly room floor, where Ruth Amick fell.

Monday, 9—Assembly room so cold that students had to go to different rooms. Chemistry students enjoyed fig newtons and cheese sandwiches in Laboratory. Great interest is being taken in Senior show, all working for $2.50. Senior class meeting.

Tuesday, 10—Oak Harlan came and got his books. Bids good-bye to G. H. S.

Wednesday, 11—Ruth Hilt delayed rehearsal for some time when her crochet needle caught in the front of Russell Stuart's sweater. (Don't know how it happened.)

Thursday, 12—Orchestra gave program downstairs. Again there was no fire. First session of Senators. Quartette sang at K. of P. Hall.

Friday, 13—Mary Wilson canned from History III class for chewing gum. Last rehearsal for Senior play, which proved to be a grand success. Russell Stuart claims he won $2.50, but on account of the quarrel which resulted, it was not awarded to anyone. Two different parties, five people in each party, were working for prize.

Monday, 16—The Senior class was a dead looking bunch after such a strenuous work of Friday. Poor old "Twitter" had another spasm.

Tuesday, 17—It was suggested that the members of the History V class furnish a rocking chair for J. W. Kendall.

Wednesday, 18—T. I. Morgan sang during opening exercises. Section I served fudge and fig newtons in Laboratory in sixth period. Louise Thayer and Urith Dailey were locked in store room when found searching Laboratory for fudge, but made their escape down the back stairs. Letty Pratt was canned from Assembly room for feeding Ermil Haydock fudge. Mr. Moore ate so much that it made him sick, and he had to dismiss his Botany class and go home.

Thursday, 19—Mr. Moore was not able to return until noon. Section II made fudge, had fig newtons, dill pickles and nuts. Mr. Moore was very careful not to eat too much. Double quartette consented to sing for us on a twenty-minute notice.

Friday, 20—The last day of school for this year. Musical program given during opening exercise period. Mr. Kendall announced that we would have our regular Wednesday morning program after vacation. School dismissed at 3:15. Merry Christmas.

January.

Monday, 6—School begins after two weeks' vacation. Outside reading examinations given.

Tuesday, 7—The young man who sold us our class pins returns to sell us invitations. Bob Mulvihill chases Ruth Hilt around Assembly room, but reason for doing so is not known.

Wednesday, 8—Letty Pratt canned from Chemistry class for laughing. Everybody chewing paraffin in Chemistry.

Thursday, 9—Senate met. Bill on giving Philippines their independence was rejected. Some good speeches made on both sides.

Friday, 10—Bob Mulvihill canned from Assembly room in sixth period. From this time on he will occupy Mr. Kendall's office this period. Students beginning to review for mid-term examinations.

Monday, 13—Blue Monday. Everybody's face was long.

Tuesday, 14—Examination program explained. Junior English class had no recitation. Mr. Moore declares that all the Chemistry class needs is a grind organ and a monkey. Robert Spangler and Clarence White caught in a fist fight.

Wednesday, 15—Exemptions given out. Carol Hagans fell down in Assembly room. Bruce Goble visits school. Senior English class had no recitation; were supposed to work on final themes.

Thursday, 16—Began final examinations. Several students took two days' vacation.

Friday, 17—Examinations continued. "The last day of it, thank fortune."

Monday, 20—Ermil Haydock successfully proved his inability as janitor, "Er ist sehr dick." Rules for next semester explained. Half-term cards issued.

Tuesday, 21—Mr. Kelly, a representative for Central Normal College, at Danville, addressed Senior class during History recitation. Urith Dailey expresses her desire to become a theologian, and Laura Reed desires to study law, while several others had no desires at all.

Wednesday, 22—A new rule for absences and tardies was adopted. There won't be any more excuse blanks or make-up slips. Freshmen excused fourth period to go to Orr's gallery to have pictures taken for the Annual.

Thursday, 23—Senior class meeting was held. It was voted that the question concerning who won the $2.50 was never to be mentioned again. Although it was rather cloudy, the Sophomores were excused to have their picture taken. Meeting of Senate.

Friday, 24—It was the Juniors' time to have their picture taken. Were excused the fourth period.

Monday, 27—Dramatic Club posed for Annual picture.

Tuesday, 28—Heavy taxes levied on Laboratory workers. Workers indignant. Declare taxation without representation is tyranny. Orchestra excused to go to Orr's gallery at 1:35.

Wednesday, 29—Staff meeting held the eighth period in Mr. Kendall's office. Bob Mulvihill's chair back accidentally rang the janitor's bell and Johnny appeared.

Thursday, 30—Senior class happy over $15 gift from members.

Friday, 31—Musical program in charge of Florence Fritch was given this morning. Mr. Kendall did not know that Laura Reed was on the program so began to deliver his usual complimentary speech, when strains of music fell on his ear, and he turned to see Laura seated at the piano. You know, Mr. Kendall was out late the night before, so he was excused for his mistake. After program Mr. Kendall gave floor to Mr. Moore, who addressed us on the formation of a real baseball team. Speech was made by Captain Hilt. One was called for from Manager Smart, but he was not ready.

FEBRUARY.

Monday, 3—Several Seniors were excused to be "shot at." Hope they turn out all right. These are "gala days" for Seniors.

Tuesday, 4—Miss Justine Stubbs gave several readings and monologues during opening exercise period. Made quite an impression on some of our Senior "guys." Think she will have several new pupils.

Wednesday, 5—Judge Sample was to speak this morning, but on account of other affairs could not appear. School was greatly disappointed.

Thursday, 6—Mr. George Kadel, a member of the De Pauw Glee Club, gave program. Was greatly disappointed because they were not invited up Wednesday evening.

Friday, 7—Miss Harvey, of Cumberland, gave an excellent program, in which our janitor was a very conspicuous figure. From her description he certainly must be a "fright" when he gets angry.

Monday, 10—Plans for girls' dance take definite form. Will undoubtedly be swellest affair of season (?).

Tuesday, 11—Senior History class overjoyed. They are going to get a whole day off.

Wednesday, 12—Senior class attended State Legislature at Indianapolis. We were requested to stay only a reasonable length of time, so you can imagine how much time we had for a good time.

Thursday, 13—Why, what's the matter? Some of the Seniors look like they had been out late. Expect the last car was crowded.

Friday, 14—St. Valentine's day. Anna Brown appeared with ring on third finger of left hand, which she said was Eddie's Valentine.

Monday, 17—Received report cards. Annual staff excused to have picture taken, which shows how they look and feel after they have finished their work.

Tuesday, 18—Paper wads prevailed in Laboratory. Everybody in front of Bob Mulvihill had a book up to the south side of his face.

Wednesday, 19—Just listen to this. A new case has been discovered in the Greenfield High School. Clarence White and Lena Hivinor. Staff meeting.

Thursday, 20—It was said by a certain Senior girl that Miss Sample and Mr. Moore made a nice looking couple. Moore was perfectly delighted, but Sample blushed and got quite angry, Senate met.

Friday, 21—Marion Anderson taught the Freshmen Botany class. Mr. Andrews has lost his power of speech some time during the night.

Monday, 24—Senior History examination. Plans completed for girls' dance.

Tuesday, 25—Representative of Earlham College addressed the Seniors first period after dinner.

Wednesday, 26—Senior girls quarrel.

Thursday, 27—Of course it had to rain, and spoil the crowd. Several students were excused.

Friday, 28—Seniors again rejoice over gift of $18.50.

MARCH.

Monday, 3—Laura Reed was beheaded. Murderer not yet been found.

Tuesday, 4—President Wilson inaugurated. German Club met at home of Rhea Kinder.

Wednesday, 5—Rev. Decker was to have conducted opening exercises, but on account of sickness was not able to fill appointment.

Thursday, 6—Senate met and discussed woman suffrage. There were several warm discussions. The bill was lost to the great sorrow of G. H. S. girls.

Friday, 7—Ione Fisher tried to commit suicide by inhaling bromine. Was not able to return to school in afternoon. Junior class gave box social at High School building.

Monday, 10—Members of Dramatic Club who are to take part in Senior play, are having perfect rehearsals. Russell Stuart is very much provoked because he can not play with Ruth Hilt.

Tuesday, 11—Seniors are not working very hard for Senior play, only a few tickets having been sold. Class president called meeting at noon and tried to work up some enthusiasm.

Wednesday, 12—Members of Dramatic Club who have had no former experience, and who are to take part in Senior play tonight, are proving to have great talent.

Thursday, 13—"The Mystery" was a howling success.

Friday, 14—Chemistry and History examination given. Mr. Kendall announced that Mr. Conner would talk to us every morning next week.

Monday, 17—Mr. Conner made his appearance. Explained the cycle of life, about which he told many amusing stories.

Tuesday, 18—Mr. Conner talked to us again; this time on a person's personality.

Wednesday, 19—Miss Segar filled Mr. Conner's place this morning; as Mr. Conner was called away. She is here in the interest of the girls.

Thursday, 20—Mr. Conner talked on the formation of one's character. First meeting of Athletic Club. Committee was appointed to write constitution for the Club.

Friday, 21—Mr. Conner gave his farewell talk this morning. We regret very much that he cannot be with us another week.

Monday, 24—Another meeting of Athletic Club. Constitution was read. On account of heavy rain fall, several students were unable to come to school.

Tuesday, 25—Rain continues to fall. Miss Corcoran and Miss Bottsford are at Indianapolis and unable to get home. Urith Dailey is teaching for Miss Bottsford and Earl Beckner for Miss Corcoran.

Wednesday, 26—Miss Corcoran returns. City is flooded. Newspapers are found all over school telling of great floods. The greatest disappointment came at 9:30 a. m. "There will be no spring vacation this week on account of the weather conditions."

Thursday, 27—Several students are taking their vacation, simply because they can't get to school.

Friday, 28—Annual material all in. Annual goes to press Monday noon.

STAFF FLUNKY

Being extracts from his diary here reproduced as a solemn warning to future classes, and a verification of the old adage that 'tis an uneasy road that leads to fame—even the fame of being flunky on our renowned editorial staff.

October:

They have just elected the Annual staff. They informed me I was to be Staff Flunky. Asked 'em what my duties were and they told me I'd find out. Humph! Already knew that. Suppose it's some new and great honor, 'specially thought out to do justice to my personal merits and they didn't want to surprise me with it all at once, but break it to me gently. I must get busy and get my acceptance speech written and memorized and practice my bow, so when I'm called upon for my impromptu I'll be ready.

October:

First meeting of the staff tonight, and I'm a wreck! Two a. m. and Latin to get yet. Quite a different personage am I from the care-free boy who gayly ran up the library steps repeating the words of the beautiful speech I had prepared to thank them for the unusual and novel office of Flunky to which the class had elected me. With head high I had entered the reading room. The editor-in-chief approached. I smiled, cleared my throat and began: "This deserved yet unexpected honor—"

"Here, hurry up and carry these eighteen chairs into the reading room!"—these words in a commanding tone, without even so much as a glance of admiration at my public speaker attitude. Such indifference was incomprehensible. Stunned, I meekly obeyed, supposing this some sort of an initiatory third degree which was to precede my real entrance into duties. My chairs placed, the staff seated itself, leaving no chair for me; I had to stand or sit on the floor, and I chose the more dignified attitude. The meeting progressed smoothly. The reports of work done were so uniformly monosyllabic they caused but little interruption to the editor-in-chief's lecture on "How to be Brilliant and Original." Meeting broke up. Then came the blow! "Flunk," says She (the editor-in-chief), "Take the chairs back." I did, expressing no word of my rising indignation. "Now," commanded She, "Take the girls home." I counted 'em. Eleven in all, with the Faculty representative to round out the dozen. I braced up for the ordeal. It was 8 o'clock then and I kept depositing girls every few minutes until Urith alone remained. Then out the National road and back. Gee! It's a long hike out to Dailey's and back. That's why I'm a wreck. That's why it is past midnight and no lessons learned. Shall I endure such indignity? In the name of all Staff Flunkies of time to come, I thunder "No!" Yet, pause—perhaps the honor will come next time. Better go and see.

November:

Same program. Chairs in—carried every one of 'em! Sat on

the floor this time. She asked for ideas; nobody had any. I had some, but I knew I wouldn't dare express 'em—language wasn't adequate anyway. After ten minutes of solemn waiting for an inspiration they sent me down town to get some ideas. I went and could find nothing but hammers and bricks loose. When I brought 'em back they said no knocking and throwing allowed in this Annual. "You have not," says She, looking severely at me, and She had on her glasses that night, too!—"shown as much tact in your selection as I thought you capable of." "No," apologized I, "but, please, your Honor, I brought the hammers to drive in what tacks I can show." "Rotten," they said, and I subsided to my seat on the floor. Originality doesn't pay. Office holding is a fraud. All hour and not a word from any save She, and we filed out feeling that it was a dumb bunch anyway. And then to cap the climax to have to be called down because so much noise had been made. When, as I said before, nobody said a word but——Look out, Flunky, be careful what you say.

November:

Meeting again. I got to sit on a chair tonight. Guess I've made a hit with Her. Had an exciting time, resorting to violence, when I ejected Mac Hancock forcibly. Still no ideas. Even She ran out of 'em and had to resort to chewing gum.

December:

Nothing else to talk about so we decided to charge every member five cents for being tardy. Every member, over thirty, had to pay a dime. This was for the benefit of the Faculty representative. Literary editor absent tonight, so I am home early. I am learning to get the chairs in and out quickly, too. Maybe there are worse things than being Staff Flunky.

December:

It rained, as usual, for Staff meeting tonight. I don't approve of Staff meeting in the rain anyhow, but they never ask me what I like. If they did, I'd take a whole evening for my speech. I had to take the girls home again tonight, but I hopped a car and rode all the way in from Dailey's, on the cow-catcher. If they'd pay me for this job I could ride like a gentleman—but idle dreams, they never will.

December:

Had a nice, quiet meeting tonight. Urith wasn't there, so I had time to play afterward. Lowell and the music editor took a walk, and I followed them. I didn't dare get very close, but anyway, I heard Lowell say, "Were you ever in love, Letty?" I couldn't hear what she said, but I could judge from what happened that she had been.

January:

My heart is too full of pain for utterance! Why? She announced that from now on there would be Staff meeting every week!

January:

She got sore tonight because no one had their work up, and said that if it didn't come up better, she was going to have meeting EVERY NIGHT. I sure do hope it comes up. They don't have a bit of mercy on me. Tonight Bob Mulvihill and Russell Comstock got in a fight, and I had to separate them. It was hard work, but She was mad, and I was afraid not to succeed.

January:

Had Staff meeting the eighth period in Mr. Kendall's office today. As it was light, the girls went home by themselves. Gee!

Bob Mulvihill did act awful. He rang the bell, and here came Johnny to see what was wrong. I hid, because I was afraid they'd blame it onto me. All the boys sassed Her like everything today. I was afraid she'd call on me to lick a few of them, but She didn't. I guess She didn't pay much attention to them.

February:

Joy! There are to be no more Staff meetings. The committees are to work together from now on. Flunky, your work is done!

April:

I thought my work was done, but it wasn't. I had to carry all the big heavy plates to the printers and all the Annual material, too. But I'm sure I'm done now, for the "Camaraderie, 1913," has gone to press.

M. T. (in Senate), trying to hit Prof. K. on the head with a paper wad—

Donald H.—Why don't you hit him?

Mabel—It don't do any good, they just slide off.

✠ ✠

Russell C. (in English)—If this was her lover, she ought to know what he does.

Bob M.—They don't always know.

✠ ✠

Is Mr. Larra-a-bee?

✠ ✠

Miss S.—Name something abstract.

Anna Y.—Love.

Gertrude V.—Ah, that can be felt.

✠ ✠

Miss C.—What kind of a dative is that, John?

J. Walker (into whom she has been trying to drill infinitives)—Complementary.

Miss S.—What does abstract mean?

Hester G.—I don't know.

Miss S.—Then, what does concrete mean?

Hester—Well, I looked that up and it said, not abstract.

✠ ✠

Caroll H.—What kind of an apple is it that is green all over?

Mr. Andrews—Green apple.

✠ ✠

Moore (assigning Chemistry lesson)—We will only take pages 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, over to exercises, for Monday.

Ermil H.—And we will only finish the book, Tuesday.

✠ ✠

Ralph Bruner—What was that "Diet of Worms"?

Miner P.—Ask one of the girls, I don't take cooking.

✠ ✠

Why is Thomas Green?

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Mr. Larrabee
Miss Sample
Louis Morehead
} Board of Control

Laura Ann Reed ..... Editor-in-Chief
Robert Mulvihill ..... Business Manager
Louis Morehead ..... Assistant Business Manager

Louise Thayer ..... Corresponding Editor
Urith Dailey ..... Literary Editor
Ione Fisher

Lowell Smart ..... Art Editor
Mabel Stanley

Letty Pratt ..... Music
Ruth Hilt ..... Dramatic
Jeanette Kight ..... German
Russell Comstock ..... History
Mabel Toles ..... Jokes
Ermil Haydock
Herma Bohm

Earl Beckner ..... Alumni
Elizabeth McCole
Katie Teel

Russell Stuart ..... Prophecy
Lillian Moran
Walter Newman

Anna McKown ..... Faculty and Seniors
Mary Wilson
Burwell Barr

Charles Arnold ..... Athletics
Richard Morgan
Malcolm Hancock

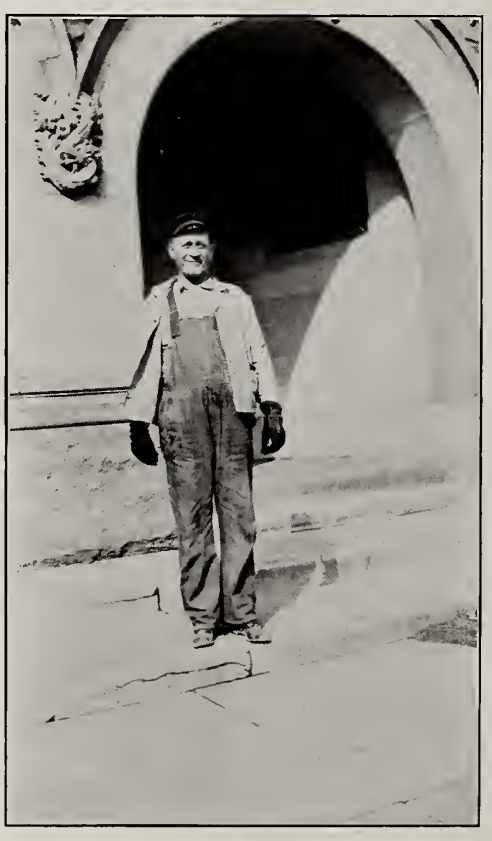
Mary Wilson ..... Class Will
Josephine McGuire

Margaret Floyd ..... Grinds
John Burke
Pearl Hendren

Rhea Kinder ..... Calendar
Nelson Black ..... Staff Flunky

THE STAFF

FIRST AND



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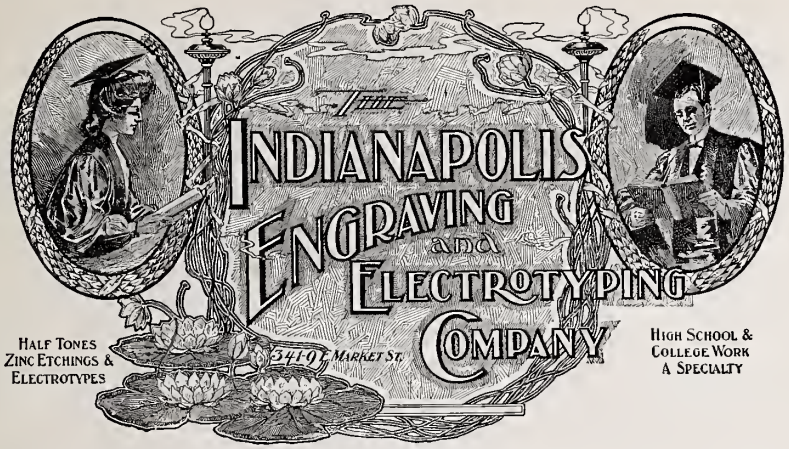

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